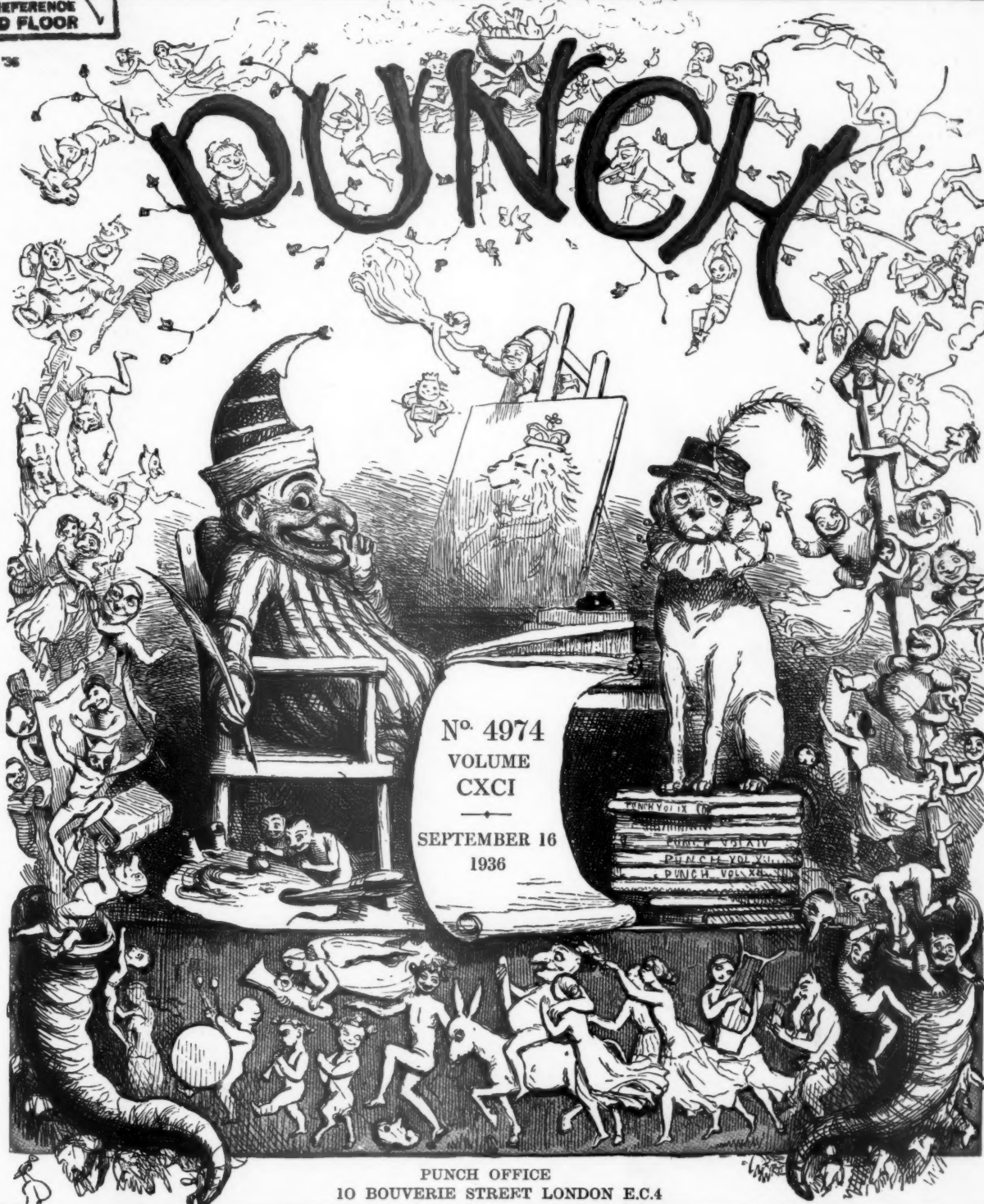


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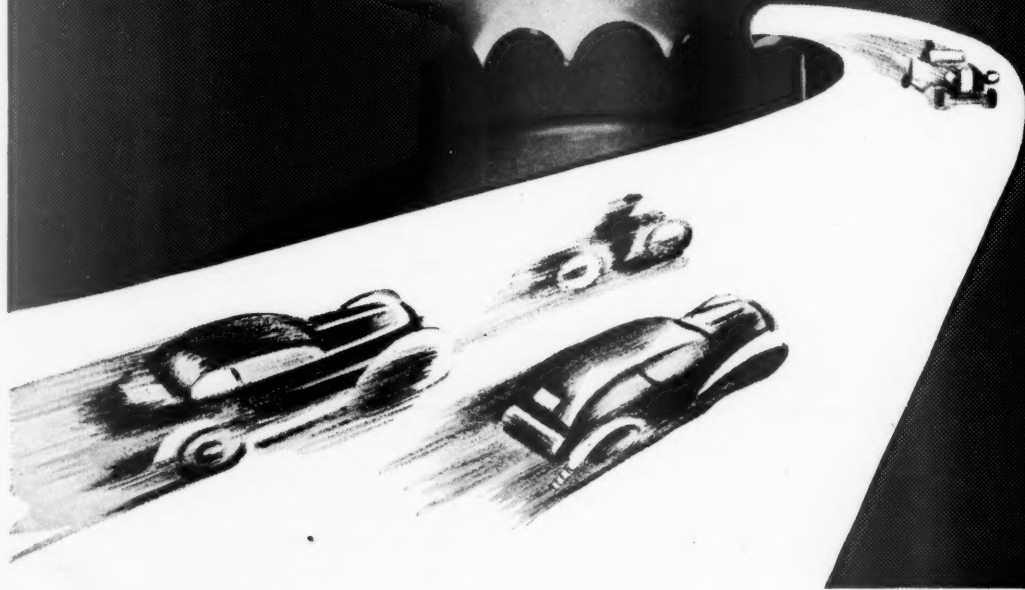
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Charivaria

IN view of the indignation of magistrates whenever hatless women appear in the witness-box, it is suggested that at every court a feminine hat of approved design should be kept in readiness for such emergencies.

★ ★ ★

A scientist claims to be able to measure the millionth part of an inch. So do most car-park attendants.

★ ★ ★

An opponent of classical education says that great men in every century have got on very well without knowing Latin. CICERO was an exception.

★ ★ ★

As television is not selective, it has been discovered that it may show things not intended to be seen. Where it differs from many other forms of entertainment lies of course in the fact that this is not intended.



★ ★ ★

A Bishop says he has no objection to men coming to church in plus-fours. So now it is up to golf clubs to allow Bishops to play in gaiters.

★ ★ ★

A questionnaire reveals that the average British family pays the doctor £4 15s. a year. This will be news to the doctor.

★ ★ ★

EDDIE CANTOR earns twenty times as much as a Cabinet Minister. The question is—does this mean that he is considered to be just as funny as twenty Cabinet Ministers, or twenty times as funny as one?

★ ★ ★

In view of the present state of affairs in Europe it is rumoured that several uncivilised tribes are seriously concerned for the safety of their missionaries.

★ ★ ★

A former Chicago gangster has just returned from a two-year sojourn on a cannibal island in the Pacific. He was apparently too tough for the islanders.

★ ★ ★

A critic remarks that many ladies of title are now



becoming film actresses. And of course conversely many becoming film actresses are now ladies of title.

★ ★ ★

A scientist claims to have cooked a small joint of pork by wireless. We wonder if he was successful in cutting out crackling.

★ ★ ★

The interest aroused by the new issue of postage-stamps may be gauged from the fact that the insistence of people waiting to be served with them was so much greater than usual that it was actually considered to be news.

★ ★ ★

A vegetarian who is also an abstainer and a non-smoker states in a letter to the Press that he has celebrated his ninety-first birthday. Presumably what he means is that he hasn't celebrated it.

★ ★ ★

A New York editor has his office on the thirteenth floor of a skyscraper. Would-be contributors of experience bring their own parachutes.

★ ★ ★

An auctioneer recently presided at the sale of his own personal belongings. He could hardly conceal his emotion when his thumb came under the hammer.

★ ★ ★

"The dropping of knives means that relations are calling," says a woman's magazine. So does the hiding of them.

★ ★ ★

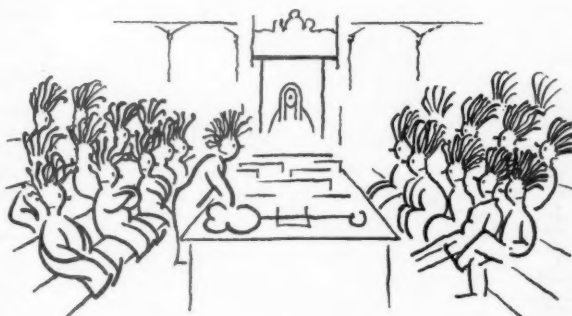
A film star has caused surprise by complaining that she was not treated in the studio like a human being. The surprise was natural, the complaint being such a remarkable reversal of the usual one.

★ ★ ★

There is said to be a shortage of ermine-skins for peers' Coronation robes. Naturalists attribute this to a super-abundance of peers.

★ ★ ★

A woman-writer maintains that the more hair a man has on his head the more he talks. Now we know what is really meant by "Domes of Silence."



Trackless in Data

(A rather dazed application of the narrative method employed in "Eyeless in Gaza" by Mr. ALDOUS HUXLEY, to whom acknowledgments.)

CHAPTER I.

August 12th, 1931.

LIKE a traffic-light, he thought: it was true, she was like a traffic-light. And how long, how tantalisingly long, for what a maddening interval she remained amber no matter what one's position! Here was the traffic in one direction, fuming for her to say Go; turn through an angle of ninety degrees, and there were the others, tumbling over one another before she should say Stop. Well, Stephen admitted to himself, it kept her happy. She liked to live in a whirlwind of emotion without allowing it to touch her. It was not long since he had been providing her with his own emotion; now, thank Heaven, he was out of either line of traffic. She would have liked to keep him, no doubt; but . . . *Dis aliter visum*. It was because he was so lazy—so typically a GEORGE HERBERT Englishman:—

"O England! full of sin, but most of sloth,
Spit out thy phlegm, and fill thy breast with glory."

Beautifully disgusting lines . . .

CHAPTER II.

February 2nd, 1924.

Always, when she rang a door-bell, Beatrice was oppressed by a feeling that the occasion was wrong—wrong because incomplete. Such occasions always were, no matter whose bell, no matter who rang. And the deficiency could not be satisfactorily made up any more than can that of the Hottentots, who often have no lobes to their ears. But she could imagine Stephen arguing that neither could be called a real deficiency. "Is it a deficiency in the Hottentot to be orthognathic and mesaticephalic?" Stephen would drawl, and then, laughing, "Or in the Hottentot woman to be steatopygous? Perish the thought!"

Here what she felt was the lack of, as it were, a buffer. Ringing a door-bell oneself seemed an act more menial even than carrying one's own bag. A servant opening a door should open it to a servant; between them they should compass all those offensive preliminaries, those wary canine circlings round the truth, so that their employers could meet without the toil of meeting. As it was . . .

The maid who opened this door was a true buffer: the nose hyperplatyrrhine, the cephalic index well over eighty. Beatrice regarded her with fascinated distaste, asking her question, "Is Mr. Smith at home?"

"Ah'll inquah, Madam."

Beatrice waited.

CHAPTER III.

August 13th, 1931.

Yesterday I saw Josephine; to-day, on the way to lunch with Clytemnestra, Beatrice. Beatrice, seven years ago, "the one before the last" (poor RUPERT! writing at a time when they made him change the title of a sonnet to "Libido"!); Josephine, "the last," still recent enough for gratitude at losing her. Neuralgia that disappears, leaving a bruise one almost enjoys. "So lovely when one leaves off"—yes, that's on the same plane; why pretend one's above the lunatics? Knocking one's head against a wall. Knock, knock. Who's there? Joe. Joe who? Joe, and never darken my doors again.* The whole of life's a stale joke; and it's staler to say so.

* An anachronism; but the reviewers found more than one in the book and I take their word for it.—R. M.

Cly to-day was ready to be skittish. Importunately: "You really love me, Ste-e-phen?" "In my way," I said. Momentarily stumped for a subject, I began to compare PALACKY, KOPP, LELEWEL and GELJER with PAPARIGOPOULOS. It dazed her all right. Thank Heaven for historiography!

CHAPTER IV.

March 23rd, 1901.

"That means he likes you," said Mr. Smith.

As he looked at Stephen crawling about the floor he was thinking that the parents of very young children are in the happy position of interpreters. "What does he mean?" asks the curious visitor. "He means this," replies his father; "this" being what in the circumstances it suits his father's book that he should mean. Until he can talk, any child is a most convenient corroborator of his parents' opinions: a little Liberal, a little Conservative; a little friend, a little critic. Yet nobody ever dreamed of doubting the interpretations, Mr. Smith reflected; and thinking of the blindness of the world, he grew melancholy.

"Alto sospir, che duolo strinee in hui,
Mise fuor prima, e poi cominciò: Frate,
Lo mondo è cieco . . ."

It annoyed him to realise, as he did realise, that the true source of his melancholy was physical. Indigestion . . . For a passionate moment he envied the starfish its beautiful control over its stomach. To be able to thrust out one's stomach and digest by touching, what bliss! Mr. Smith glanced at the visitor with the idea of delivering a biological address; but the visitor said "What a sweet kiddie!"

He felt instinctively that biology would here fall on stony ground, as it so often did. The world was blind; *lo mondo è cieco* . . .

CHAPTER V.

May 21st, 1934.

A rusty black-and-buff cat with a white pointed chest sat in the evening sun, blinking its bright yellow eyes, opening and shutting its pink mouth.

"You like cats?" said Henry. It was as good a gambit as any.

"Oh, yes," Jane murmured. Oh, yes, she liked cats! She watched this one as it rose, stretched and walked with muted pistoning shoulders beneath the sleek fur, silently, skirting a heap of filth. "I wonder what it's thinking?"

The sort of question she would ask, thought Henry disgustedly. Aloud he said, "Nothing, probably. But if you follow DRIESCH and the Vitalists—they declare physical phenomena aren't mechanistic at all, or not completely. Physico-chemical processes don't explain things for DRIESCH . . ."

Jane looked at him thoughtfully, wondering whether this was his way of making love.

(Who is this Jane? Who is this Henry? Read the previous thrilling instalment in Chapter xxxviii.) R. M.

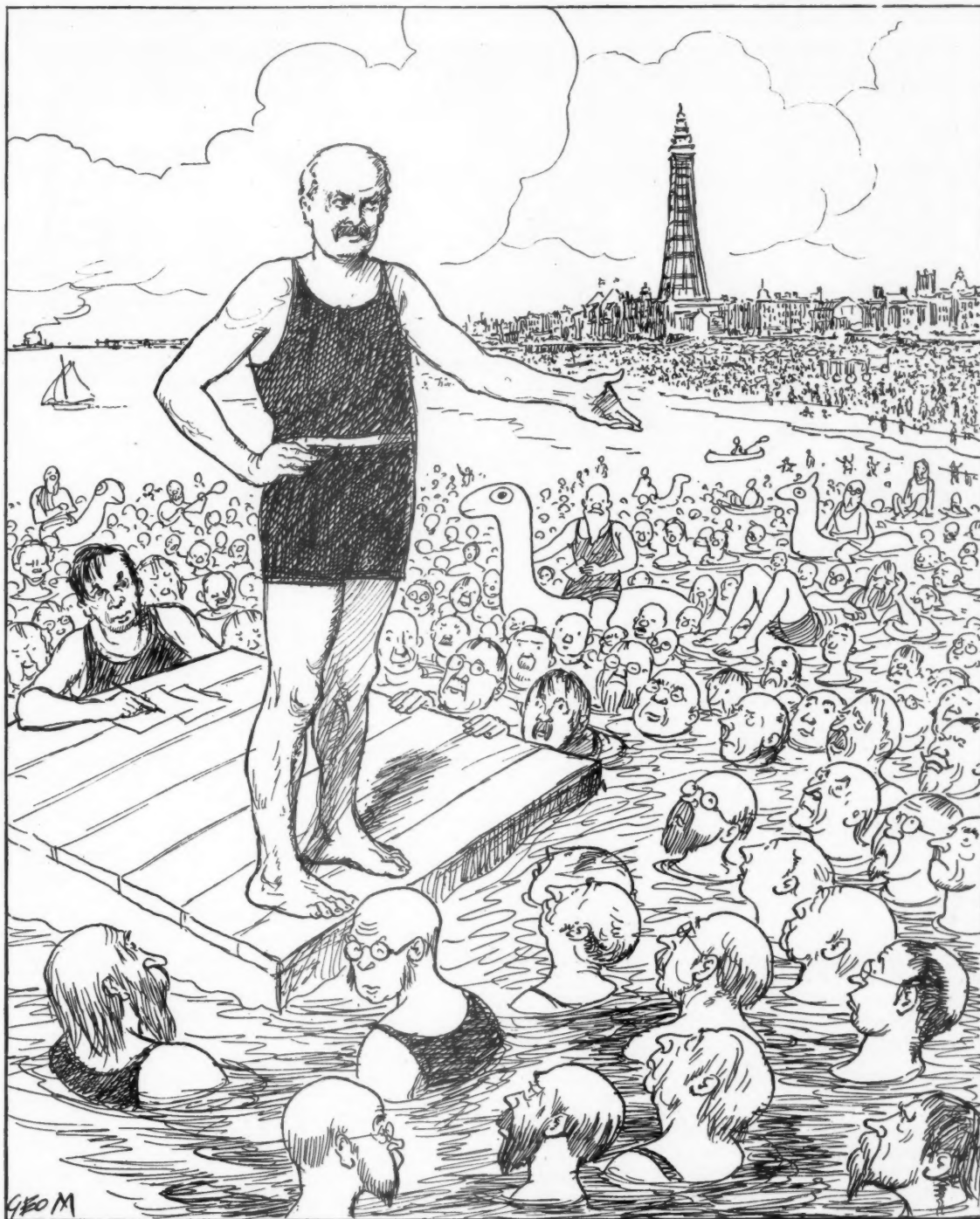
Adonis in the Kitchen Garden

"First prize-winners were: Vegetables, H. Rimmer; onions, J. Rimmer; potatoes, H. Rimmer; celery, H. Rimmer. H. Rimmer also took first prize in the classes for cauliflower, peas, French beans, scarlet runner beans, long beet, and looks."

Report of Flower Show.

"In addition to her windswept skirt the bride wore a wide-brimmed picture hat in beige relieved with glue."—*New Zealand Paper*.

We assume the adhesive was necessary in the high wind.



BRAIN-WAVES AT BLACKPOOL

"NOW, BOYS, TALKING ABOUT FIGURES, WHAT DO YOU SAY TO ELECTING A BEAUTY-KING?"

[This year's meeting of the British Association is being held at Blackpool.]



"BE CAREFUL, IT'S VERY DANGEROUS THIS SIDE OF THE GENERAL. THIS IS THE ARM HE INVARIABLY SWEEPS THE COUNTRY FREE OF BOLSHIES WITH AT DINNER."

Guaranteed

"You remember that clock you bought in town the other week?" said Vera. "Well, it seems to have broken."

"You mean you broke it?" I said accusingly.

"Actually, I'm not sure," she confessed. "I went to wind it up to-day for the first time, and I wound and wound, and all of a sudden it went ping. So I stopped winding. I suppose I ought really to have stopped sooner."

I sighed. Shutting the stable door after she has leaped has always been one of Vera's failings.

"Anyhow," she went on, "it never went properly. It was always stopping and having to be shaken, and considering they gave you a guarantee with it I think you ought to do something about it."

"How on earth can I do anything after you've broken it?" I protested.

"It may not be broken. All I know is just that I wound and wound and it went ping. Just because it went ping it doesn't follow that the spring is broken. Besides, it was out of order

before that or it wouldn't have kept on stopping."

I sighed again. "I really don't see that it's much good trying, especially as I threw the guarantee away; but still . . ."

Fortunately there were no customers in the shop when I went in.

"I bought this clock less than a month ago," I said severely to the smallest man I could see. "To-day my wife went to wind it up, and she wound and wound, and it went ping. What are you going to do about it?"

"Clocks?" said the man. "I'm nickel-plate. Just a minute," and he called a fat man over to our counter. "Ge'man 'ere says," he began, and proceeded to intone my complaint.

"Broken spring," said the fat man tersely. "Five-and-ninepence."

"The spring has got nothing to do with it," I retorted. "It never went properly at all even *before* it went ping. And you guaranteed it for a year."

The fat man looked dubiously at the clock and shook his head. An almost unbelievably immaculate manager drifted on to the scene.

"Ge'man 'ere," began the fat man and the small man simultaneously,

and then stopped and glared at each other.

I seized the opportunity to reel off the story myself.

"Broken spring," said the manager. "Eight-and-threepence."

"But it never went properly even *before* that," I said plaintively.

"That of course may be so," he replied smoothly. "But you must remember that I have only your word for it."

"You have my wife's word as well," I retorted indignantly. "Anyway, you'll have to change it. Otherwise what's the good of your guarantee?"

"But you must be reasonable. After all, you admit yourself that your wife broke it. She went on winding and winding without thinking, and what happened?"

"It went ping," said the two henchmen dutifully.

"Broken spring," added the small man.

"Five-and-ninepence," said the fat man.

"Eight-and-threepence," corrected the manager, giving him a nasty look. "A thing that might happen to any rather absent-minded lady."

I began to get annoyed. "I shall pay nothing for a broken spring. You gave me a guarantee, and you'll either refund me my money or else give me a new clock. If you don't . . ." I paused menacingly.

The manager smiled with a faint air of superiority. "My dear good Sir . . ."

Nothing annoys me so much as being called anyone's dear good Sir. I scowled ferociously at him. "Would it interest you to know that my wife has threatened to come and chain herself to your door?" I demanded.

"Blimey!" said the little man, dropping his jaw.

"Cor!" said the fat man, dropping the clock.

The manager turned on them in exasperation. "Can't you two get on with something?" he bellowed.

The two henchmen melted away, bearing the clock reverently with them.

"Moreover," I continued with heat, "I shall make it my business to let everyone know just what your guarantee is worth. What is my wife's uncle, the Mayor, going to say about it? What is my own great-uncle, the District Surveyor, going to do? Believe me," I concluded bitterly, "Gath will be about the only place it won't be told in."

He wilted visibly. "Well, of course . . ." he said weakly. "In view of the guarantee, if you'll just wait while we verify the sale . . ."

He came back carrying a huge volume which he laid upon the counter and ran his finger down one of the columns.

"Here we are, three weeks ago last Friday." He scrutinised the entry. "Mr. MacGowan, I suppose that would be the name?"

"It would not," I said shortly.

"Looks more like Simpson to me," said the small man, who had materialised once more from behind the counter.

"Well, it's not *my* writing," said the manager. "I should have said it was Mac—what did I say before? Or *possibly* Whitehead." He scanned it a little more closely.

"My name," I said tensely, "is Parrot. And do I have to stand here for ever while you try to decipher your own entries?"

"Parrot, of course. That's it," said the manager with relief. "Stupid of us not to guess. It's quite clear when you look at it. If you'll just wait a minute, Mr. Parrot, while I get another clock . . ."

Coming out of the shop five minutes later I ran straight into Vera. "What



"EXCUSE ME, BUT AREN'T YOU EGBERT JONES?"

"NO, SIR, I'M NOT."

"I THOUGHT YOU COULDN'T BE—YOU'VE GROWN SO MUCH STOUTER."

have you been doing in there?" she asked.

I displayed the clock with pride. "Another one, brand-new," I said. "Pretty good, wasn't it?"

She seized me by the arm and dragged me a little way along the street before stopping to gaze at me with awe.

"This," she said, "is one of the few moments when I can really admire you. Do you know what you have done?"

I looked puzzled. "As far as I know . . ."

"I thought you didn't. You've just changed the clock at Benbury's, haven't you?"

I nodded. "Well?"

"Nothing much: only you bought it in the first place from Meadows', at the other end of the town."

"Utterly fogged, his chief worry then was not by then, as Cox, when he had time to think to play the wrong ball. But both were wrong it out, was first to admit."

Daily Paper.

The fog seems to have spread.

Epitaph for Billingshurst

Hic jacet Billingshurst,

An unassuming cat

Who never (to our knowledge) maimed a bird

Or killed a rat,

Who, being so tender that she would not slay,

Enforced the use of poison on the farm,

Then ate the stuff herself and passed away

Rather than see a rodent come to harm.

Consider, every mouse,

This most unselfish beast

Who did not care for her profession in The very least;

Mourn, voles; weep, stoats; hedge-sparrows, sorrow on;

Grieve for a cat who loved you like a mother;

Think on her name awhile and then begone,

For Cook is off to town to buy another.

A School for Burglary

LAST week our London flat was broken into and crime was committed. The silver had gone to the bank, so that the theft consisted of a plated fish-slice—never used—two Ridgeworth toast-racks, and a perfectly loathsome Victorian cruet. We hailed its disappearance with joy, but at the same time I could not help feeling rather sad about the whole thing. I mean, here were these poor men (the evidence of two used beer-glasses proved that it was not a one-man job) who had risked capture and imprisonment for two perfectly valueless objects and one that might produce 3s. 6d., while they left several small *objets d'art* which would have fetched good prices and have been quite untraceable.

What seems to me on further reflection so particularly strange is that in every other walk of life the mark of science and higher education is seen. A glance into any of the myriad trade papers that are issued weekly will convince the merest dabbler in any subject that he doesn't begin to know his stuff nowadays without years of specialised work. Why then should the fine old profession of Burglary, with its traditions dating back to the Garden of Eden, be the only one that has remained practically at a standstill for the last hundred years? For the smash-and-grab modernists are really a different branch and come technically under the heading of gangsters.

There is not, so far as I am aware, a burglar's trade paper. I have never heard of the *Pilferer's Post* or the *Saturday Swag*, which is a pity, because I can imagine several engrossing articles, such as "The Safe Way with Safes"—"Hands off Famous Pearls"—"My best Haul," by "Jemmy"—and so on, which would make excellent reading. But setting all that aside, it seems odd that some cultured old lag hasn't started a night-school—no, that would be taking time from business hours—a day-school, rather, where young apprentices could take courses in "Burglary for Beginners" and "Higher Larceny," with specialised lectures on silver, jewellery—on the principle that all is not CARTIER's that

glitters—and art, to include some rudimentary instruction on the great painters, just enough to teach the aspiring student the difference between a CONSTABLE and a cop.

What a contrast would then be observed both in the interest and practical results of the profession! Imagine a scene of Burglar Bill and his mate Slick Joe—for burglars have their mates with the same regularity as plumbers and poets—having with their well-known artistry slipped back the broken catch of Lord Mullion's pantry window and risen, *via* the silver chest and the dining-room side-board—both of which they discover to be

cabinet . . . Locked, drat it. 'And me the tools, Joe."

"Wot d'yer want to waste time on that for? Lot o' ladies' sewing junk!"

"Don't be too sure, my lad. Wot d'yer think I found in one of those the other day? Madam DE POMPIDOR's thimble!"

"Strewth."

"Blast them Parisian locks. They made 'em too well in them days . . . There. 'Ullo, 'ullo, wot's this? 'Ere, Joe, you've done the Limoges course. Wot d'yer make of that tray?"

"Nah, that's no good. 'S late copy, that is."

"Copy, is it? Gor blimey, and five minutes wasted. The way some of these aristocraps gets rooked fair sickens me . . ."

Of course the intellectual side of the business might then attract some of the bearded and coloured-shirted brigade of young men who now adorn our sale-rooms and antique-shops. In that case the conversation would be on the following lines:—

"My dear, I positively must have that. It's too deliciously rococo for words."

"It's very naughty of you, because it's quite unsaleable, you know. But I must say I rather agree with you. Let's take those utterly frightful neo-Georgian candlesticks to justify ourselves."

"My dear Bill, you are too marvellously practical for words!" etc.

But somehow I think that is still some way off.

Granny

I'M Granny of family fiction,

The bold, bad old girl of the stage,
Inclined at the least contradiction
To gibber with sinister rage.

With creepy and crawly grimaces

At murder I'm spry as can be;
No gentle grandmotherly graces

For me.

I'm Granny who wallows in slaughter.

I may be a trying old thing,
But ducks will go into the water

And thrushes are devils to sing.

Some task in the humblest of stations

Enables one's talent to shine,
And putting the wind up relations

Is MINE. D. C.



"WAAL—NO. I GUESS CAY-RO DON'T APPEAL TO ME MUCH; WE JUST COULDN'T GET GOOD ICE-CREAM ANYWHERE."

denuded of valuables (how this would have rattled them in the old days!)—to My Lady's boudoir.

"Blimey, Bill, we're in luck! Look at them little boxes—Battersea, or I'm a Dutchman."

"Wait a bit till we see what else there is. Ain't that clock LOUIS Quinze? 'Ere, Joe, shift yer glim on that there pitcher. Wot d'yer make of that?"

"Coo, if it ain't an early CLAUDE!"

"Early tripe! It's a WILSON."

"Don't talk soft. I tell you it's a CLAUDE."

"'Ow can you tell? You're still doing the Eyetalian Rennissance, I 'appen to know."

"Orlright, orlright. 'Ave it your own way. It's a WILSON."

"We'll 'ave it anyway. Wrap it up careful. Let's try the old girl's work-



THE BRITISH CHARACTER

LOVE OF PIPE-SMOKING

Putting

Al! me! in what fantastic ways
Men try to putt; their fads and fancies
Have run from charms to tight-laced stays,
From patent grips to uncouth stances,
And yet of all the men I know
Not one can vie with Uncle Joe.

So note the many shifting scenes
Since he on forty years abutted,
And mark the methods and the means
Which he adopted when he putted,
For Unk was always game to try
The system of each passer-by.

From '88 to '93
He favoured Colonel Grant's Contortion,
And strapped a stout Norwegian ski
Along his back—the spinal portion—
For thus throughout each trying round
He kept his head upon the ground.

From then till he was fifty-nine
And visiting the late Lord Cleaver,

Unk used a plummet on a line
Appended to his well-groomed beaver;
But this he scrapped to wear a bung
Wedged firmly underneath his tongue.

The War—my uncle fast became
Addicted to the mascot habit,
And carried to improve his game
The whiskers of a Hampshire rabbit
(His needle match with Conrad Platt
Was won with fish-bones in his hat).

In '22 he went to Eigg,
An island on the way to Harris,
Where, after playing on one leg
(The system of Thaddeus Paris),
He suddenly flew down to Ryde
And putted lying on his side.

Decrepit, Unk at eighty-four,
With eldritch shrieks of "No surrender,"
Now kneels upon his bedroom floor
And holes his putts inside the fender.
And yet the Doctors all maintain
My relative is *still* quite sane.

G. C. N.

The Bogchester Chronicles

The Slander Case

"MARK my words, Meadows, Dr. Badger will do himself no good by bringing this case. It is not as though he himself were a native of Bogchester. Mrs. Gloop, on the other hand, is a lady of great responsibilities and many public duties. Things have come to a pretty pass if the law courts have got to discover some particular meaning in any one of her speeches.

"But it is at least fortunate that one of the jury comes from the Bogchester district. We can rely on Henry Bloggs to see that justice is done, and I hope he will not



"MRS. GLOOP HAS EVOLVED A TECHNIQUE OF PUBLIC SPEAKING SECOND TO NONE."

forget that Mrs. Gloop and her sympathisers are among his chief customers. If the Jury show any signs of being intimidated by Dr. Badger's counsel, I for one shall certainly transfer my account to the Mammoth Grocery Stores. As for the Judge, I am not personally acquainted with Mr. Justice Stringbag, but I have no doubt that he will be able to sense that public feeling in the Civil Court of the Clumphantown Assizes this morning is all in favour of the defendant.

"Ah, here is Henry at last. Drive on to Clumphantown Town Hall, Henry, and see that you drive carefully. One Assize case from Bogchester is quite enough for this year."

THE PENALTIES OF PUBLIC-SPIRITED ACTION.

When I at last reach my seat in the Civil Court I find that the case has already started. However it is soon clear that I have missed nothing vital, and the main features of this unfortunate affair are already too well known to me. Dr. Badger has seen fit to go to law over the speech which Mrs. Gloop delivered this summer when opening the sale of work in aid of the new cemetery. After long experience of such functions Mrs. Gloop has evolved a technique of public speaking which is probably second to none in the country. It is her habit to say a kind word about each member of the district who is at all likely to make a donation to the cause, and to conclude with some ringing phrase which will make the speech memorable.

And it is to the ringing phrase that Dr. Badger has now

taken exception. "Let us all hope," Mrs. Gloop had cried, "that a new and bigger cemetery will soon be spread over the beautiful fields of Bogchester so that our good friend Dr. Badger will be able to go about his work without any of those petty restrictions to which no professional man should be subjected."

The meaning of this sentence should have been obvious to all. It was a suggestion, made with the consummate tact of a master, that Dr. Badger was expected to subscribe at least two guineas to the cemetery funds, and it is not easy to see how it can possibly have been misunderstood. Nevertheless such are the ramifications of the legal mind that Dr. Badger has been able to file a suit for slander on the grounds that his professional abilities have been impugned in public.

A DIFFICULT WITNESS.

As I arrive William Marsden is giving evidence and is obviously creating a very bad impression. "Will you please try to tell the Jury," Dr. Badger's Counsel is saying wearily, "exactly what you thought the defendant meant by the last words in her speech?"

"Well . . .," begins William Marsden.

"Speak up," calls out Dr. Badger's counsel. "We can't hear you."

"Don't shout," cries Mr. Justice Stringbag. "We're not deaf."

"What I says is," continues the witness, "that if you got two doctors in a place you got to have two cemeteries. Stands to reason, don't it?"

"Mr. Marsden," remarks the Judge severely, "you are here to answer questions, not to ask them. For the last half-hour we have been trying to find out how you, as a member of the audience, were affected by defendant's words."



"I HAD TO GO AND HAVE A COUPLE OF PINTS QUICK AT THE 'BLACK SWAN.'"

The witness ponders deeply. "Well, gents," he says at last, "I weren't affected much. I had to go and have a couple of pints quick at the 'Black Swan' arterwards—but mind you it was a hot day."

"Mr. Simpkins," says the Judge, leaning forward towards Dr. Badger's counsel, "we are trying to discover the effect of the defendant's words on a reasonable man. It is quite clear that Mr. Marsden is not able to help us there. You had better call your next witness."

William Marsden, greatly pleased with his unaccustomed

limelight, steps down from the witness-box with a broad grin on his face. But it is evident that he has not yet altogether grasped what the case is about. "Ah," he can be heard remarking as he leaves the court, "it'll take a brighter lot than them to stop us having a new cemetery in Bogchester once we're set on it."

SUSPICION OF CORRUPTION.

However, the next witness for the plaintiff is of a very different calibre, and I am filled with uneasiness when I see Joe Smithers standing in the box. It is well known that he is prepared to say almost anything for half-a-crown, and I can only hope that the Judge is as unimpressed as myself by his method of giving evidence. In reply to counsel's questions he closes his eyes and begins a recitation in a monotonous sing-song voice.

"On hearing the words complained of I understood that defendant was making a deliberate attack on plaintiff's capabilities as a doctor. Having an impressionable temperament, I at once decided no longer to employ Dr. Badger as my medical adviser, having no wish to be prematurely incurred."

"Incurred?" queries the Judge in surprise.

Joe Smithers glances stealthily at a grimy shirt-cuff. "Interned, My Lord," he hazards anxiously.

"Possibly witness means 'interred,'" suggests Dr. Badger's counsel.

But at this point Mrs. Gloop's counsel rises to cross-examine. "What do you mean by 'having an impressionable temperament'?" he asks.

Joe Smithers looks wildly round for assistance. "Well, I mean I get a temperature easily," he says at length. "Means I'm a good customer for a doctor to have, that's what it means."

"Had you every confidence in Dr. Badger before this?" continues Mrs. Gloop's counsel.

"Why, yes, o' course I had."

"Did you remark in the 'Black Swan' on the Tuesday before the speech was made that a certain Mr. Joseph Brown had killed his front lawn by pouring away Dr. Badger's medicine on to it every week?"

"I may have done," admits the witness. "But I says next day that he must have started to take his medicine again."

"Ah, and what caused you to change your mind?"

"Well, he'd gone away on his holidays, but I didn't know that."

"The witnesses are being very difficult," says the Judge testily. "Why should the fact that this gentleman was on his holiday, but you didn't know it, mean that he was taking his medicine again?"

"I said it looked like it," says Joe Smithers stubbornly. "When I come past his house in the morning, blinds were drawn."

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

These two remarkably ineffective witnesses are all that plaintiff's counsel has been able to produce. They are followed by a host of witnesses for the defendant who quote many instances to show that an attempt to read some ulterior meaning into any speech by Mrs. Gloop must be foredoomed to failure.

Finally Mrs. Gloop is called and her ringing utterances prove this contention up to the hilt. "Will you please tell us, Madam," asks Dr. Badger's counsel, now plainly showing the strain of wrestling with his case, "exactly what connection you meant to imply between the new cemetery and Dr. Badger's work?"

"I meant," says Mrs. Gloop magnificently, "that this

Bogchester of ours will be a fairer place when we who live under the care of Dr. Badger will be able to die in the knowledge that a new cemetery awaits us. Surely Dr. Badger, who has laboured so long for the living, would not refuse a small subscription for the dead."

"Quite so, Madam; but your implication was that the new cemetery was needed exclusively for patients of Dr. Badger."

"All of us have to die in the end, Mr. Simpkins. Even you will one day receive your brief from the Great Solicitor, Death."

Mr. Simpkins struggles on as best he can, but Mrs.



"IT IS WELL KNOWN THAT JOE SMITHERS IS PREPARED TO SAY ALMOST ANYTHING FOR HALF-A-CROWN."

Gloop is now in complete control of the situation, and at length even he is stunned into silence. In a few halting phrases he brings his case to a close.

A SATISFACTORY VERDICT.

In his admirable summing-up, Mr. Justice Stringbag points out that the plaintiff's case rests on a single sentence uttered by the defendant at a public meeting. The Jury have heard the defendant in the witness-box and it is for them to say whether any one sentence uttered by her can possibly contain all the meaning alleged by plaintiff's counsel. They will have to decide whether the words held a defamatory meaning and, if not, what they did mean. "And," adds Mr. Justice Stringbag, "I am very glad that that is for the Jury and not for myself to decide."

Nevertheless the Jury are not long in making up their minds. In a very short time Henry Bloggs announces the verdict. The Jury have decided, he says, that the words did not contain the meaning alleged, and that they did not contain any other meaning whatsoever. They have found for the defendant with costs and two guineas special costs.

"Special costs?" asks the Judge in some surprise.

"Subscription to the cemetery fund," says Henry Bloggs firmly.

Unfortunately the Judge has not completely grasped the finer implications of the case and this sum is not allowed. Nevertheless, apart from this lapse, we feel that the standard of English justice has been triumphantly maintained at Clumphantown Assizes.

H. W. M.

At the Pictures

LAVISHNESS

THREE hours of *The Great Ziegfeld* is enough for any fan. "Wider still and wider," as no one has yet said in an Ode to the Films, "shall thy bounds be set . . ." But as a matter of fact the three-hour film is no new thing. The original *Birth of a Nation*, according to a contemporary account I looked up the other day, lasted three hours. When I saw it revived early this year it took only half that time, but that was chiefly because of speeding-up by the modern projector.

The trouble with a long film is that one automatically begins to think how one would cut an hour out of it, and then to decide that undoubtedly one could. This is not a critical attitude producers would wish to encourage, I imagine. A possible reason why we are given three hours of this is that, although we can grasp the greatness of VOLTAIRE, RICHELIEU, DRAKE, WELLINGTON, HENRY VIII., CELLINI or DISRAELI in one-and-a-half hours apiece, we need twice the dose to grasp that of FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, Junior. Well, that's fair; but I don't really suppose that any such sum was worked out. I think the film was meant to be a whacking great dollop



THE GREAT BICEPS

Sandow NAT PENDLETON
Flo. Ziegfeld WILLIAM POWELL

of thick rich entertainment; and if towards the end some members of the audience begin to sigh and feel a little overfed, they do so because that is exactly what it is.

In saying this I don't belittle the acting of WILLIAM POWELL as the great man; he is as good as he is allowed to be; but the truth is that

ZIEGFELD, as represented in this film, is not a character part. The film has to treat him externally, showing the kind of thing he did and not the qualities in him that made him do it. The ZIEGFELD character is displayed not by Mr. POWELL, but by the revolving stages, the rows and rows of beau-



UNCLE DOESN'T LIKE IT.

Duke Frederick FELIX AYLMER

tiful girls, the steps spiralling higher every time, the silk curtains, the lights.

The acting opportunities go mostly to the small-part people and to LUISE RAINER as *Anna Held*. MYRNA LOY (as *Billie Burke*) seems to me ill served by the dialogue, which develops a regrettable streak of flowery melodrama at about the time of her arrival on the scene. Perhaps you will think she triumphs over this, or perhaps you will like it; but I thought she was unlucky.

And so a little way up the Haymarket from His Majesty's to the Carlton, where ELISABETH BERGNER is in *As You Like It*, "treatment suggested by J. M. BARRIE" (I don't know how much influence that implies), produced and directed by PAUL CZINNER. It is quite true that this must be almost the first attempt to film SHAKESPEARE seriously and conscientiously, with due value given to the poetry and with no tricks, or hardly any. The result has been to provide most critics with an example bearing out a theory: either "SHAKESPEARE is the ideal film-scenarist" or "You can't film SHAKESPEARE." I find it not so easy to take sides.

Of course in this instance it is not so much SHAKESPEARE as BERGNER, not the universal *As You Like It* but

the individual *Rosalind* that is the focus of attention. Nevertheless that very fact is evidence in the dispute. This individual *Rosalind* is charming and often unexpected, but less credible than she would be in a play. Bits of the film, however, take pains to be more credible. We are supposed to take pleasure in the natural (though admittedly somewhat mannered) surroundings; we are to breathe the open air; but we are also to be taken in by the hot-house conventions of the old theatre—*Rosalind's* ludicrously inadequate but quite impenetrable disguise, for instance. It looks to me like a deadlock.

But I doubt whether SHAKESPEARE ever meant *As You Like It* to be thought about. The eye and the ear will find plenty to enjoy in this film. The cuts are not excessive, though a bit of song-shuffling surprised me: what is "Tell me where is fancy bred" doing in the Forest of Arden? I look forward hopefully to some future film of that other school text-book, *The Merchant of Venice*, wherein "Under the greenwood tree" (missing, for some reason, here) is sung in the casket scene. However, the transplanted song is done very nicely.

Everybody else has praised the principals; let me praise Miss DORICE



THE POETICAL TOUCH

Rosalind ELISABETH BERGNER
Orlando LAURENCE OLIVIER

FORDRED for a very pleasing portrait of *Audrey*.

There are two other things worth seeing at the Carlton: one is a PAUL ROTH "documentary" about the making of a book, the other a Mickey Mouse, *Alpine Climbers*. Get there in time for those. R. M.



Hebridean. "MY SON IS AWAY NOW TO ONE OF THE OTHER ISLANDS—BRITAIN I THINK IT WILL BE."

Heirlooms

Percy is starting at Winborough this term. A great event in the family, and Percy's relations have come up to the scratch wonderfully.

Uncle George drove over on Monday and produced a big square parcel from the back of the car. "I remember when I started at Winborough myself," he said, "I hadn't a single picture to put on the walls of my room. Damned depressing it was, so when I heard you were taking the plunge I started looking for something suitable, and I found this group stored away in the lumber-room. It shows your father and your grandfather and your great-grandfather, all old Winburians, and it will help you to realise that there is a long Winborough tradition behind you. I admit as a picture it isn't a success, your grandfather looking sinister and your father boiled, but I knew you'd like it."

Then on Tuesday Aunt Myrtle drove over and took a long thin sort of parcel out of the back of the car.

"It's not framed," she said, "but you can have it framed for a few shillings, and it will brighten up your room at Winborough a lot. There's nothing like a good picture to give a

room a cheerful air, and this is one that was given me by the artist himself. I've never had it framed because your uncle (poor man) was not artistic, and he said it gave him the pip. Queer expressions your uncle used to use. It represents Samson and Delilah. No, I'm wrong, I gave Samson and Delilah to Henry when he went to Australia. This is David and Jonathan, and the man who painted it had a brother who was an R.A. I shouldn't be surprised if it won't be valuable some day, and as soon as I heard you were going to Winborough I thought this would be the very thing for your room. You won't need much else on that wall, because it is six feet by three."

The three cases of stuffed birds came from Uncle Hilary by rail. Uncle Hilary rang up on the 'phone to say they were coming and to wish Percy luck.

"They'll brighten up your walls a lot," he said, "and give the room a sportin' air. If anybody asks you what birds they are you had better just cough and change the subject, because I had them from my father and the labels came off years ago. There was a tradition in the family that they were collected by Great-uncle Hubert when he was in the South Seas, in which case they are probably very valuable. As soon as I heard you were goin' to

Winborough I thought of those birds. 'They'll be the very thing to cheer up young Percy's room,' I said to myself, and I packed them up right away."

Percy hasn't been able to make out who sent him the two big religious prints with the damp marks. The one of JOHN WESLEY dying in bed is perhaps a shade macabre for a young boy's room, but after all we are none of us too young to be the worse for an occasional reminder of our latter end.

The four panels of tapestry came from Cousin Hilda, who is Percy's god-mother and has apparently been working them for years ready for when Percy should go to Winborough. As she pointed out in her letter the tapestry will solve the problem of wall-decoration altogether and save him buying any pictures.

Apart from the four sporting prints sent by the art master of his prep. school that completes the list of Percy's pictures so far, but no doubt most of the relations are waiting until he gets settled down.

But as there happens to be only one wall of Percy's room that any human ingenuity could hang a picture on and his father has given him a large mirror which really *must* go there, Percy will be able to bear up pretty well without any further offerings.

Mr. Peach Plays Cricket

"TALKING of England," said Mr. Peach, "did you read about the Canadian cricket team over there this summer? They've been going high, wide and handsome, and if they're not careful they'll be asked to play Test matches next, like Australia and South Africa and India.

"I've often felt sorry there was no cricket around this district; I'd like to see a game again. Ever see one yourself?"

"Well, neither had I until I played in one. It's a good many years ago now, the summer Si Hoskins and I made the trip to the Old Country. We were staying with an uncle of his, and one Saturday afternoon there was a cricket game between his village and one three or four miles away. Our village happened to be shy two men, so they asked Si's uncle was it true he had two Canadians staying with him, and did he think they'd like a game of cricket? Si's uncle sent for us, and after we'd been thoroughly introduced we were asked would we care to play that afternoon.

"Sure, we'll try it," says Si, 'but what sort of a game is this cricket? How do you play it?' 'Oh,' says the man, 'you have eleven men a-side, and a bat and ball, and—' Si didn't let him get any further. 'A bat and ball,' says he, looking across at me; 'I guess we'll be all right, then. We've played baseball together on one team or another since we first went to school. Why, Old Peachy here was the best short-stop in the High School League.' 'And you were the best pitcher they'd had in years,' I shot back at him. 'Why,' I says, 'believe it or not, Si here once pitched three no-hit no-run games in one season.' 'Three no-hit no-run games in one season!' says the man, with the kind of look in his eyes a fish has when you get him in the bottom of the boat and knock him on the head. 'Yes,' I says, 'I've seen worse pitching in the majors.' 'In the majors?' he says, looking glassier than ever. I could see he was going down for the last time, so I pushed him right under. 'Yes,' I says, 'and he's a southpaw.'

"Well, you should have seen his face alter. His eyes cleared and he stared at Si like a small boy seeing Santa Claus for the first time. 'Why,' he says at last, 'you don't look so very red!'

"Now it was our turn to be in a fog, but he went on: 'I take it the Southpaws are one of the smaller tribes, not so well known as the Blackfeet and the Mohawks. Do you know,' he says to

Si, 'you may be the first Red Indian ever to play cricket in England!'

"By this time Si was redder than the reddest Indian who ever scalped a paleface, but when I'd explained to the man that a southpaw in baseball is a left-hander he almost made Si look pale in comparison. Si's uncle came to the rescue and suggested we discussed something we all understood, so we did. Several bottles.

"Well, Sir, you should have seen us that afternoon, all dolled up in white shoes, white pants and white shirts. It's a swell-looking outfit, all right, but we were glad there were three thousand miles between us and the old Home Town. If anybody from there had seen us we'd never have heard the last of it.

"The other side won the toss and went up to bat first. We were surprised to find they were only going to play one innings each, but we soon found out why. Before the two batters came out—they bat two at a time, one at each end—our captain told us all where to stand. The places had the craziest names; as far as I remember Si was 'mid-up' and I was 'silly mid-wicket-keeper.' Then the pitcher peeled off his sweater and gave it to one of the umpires. (The umpires wore night-shirts.) Then he started out on a hike towards the end of the field. After going thirty yards or so he spun round and scratched the ground like a dog or a hen. Then he swung his arm round and round in a circle. By this time we'd have finished an innings in baseball and Si and I were getting restless. Then at last he ran back the thirty yards he'd walked, wheeled his arm over his head and let fly with the ball at the wickets—three sticks in the ground—at the other end. It went past with a foot to spare, and the catcher caught it and sent it back to the pitcher, who then set off on his hike again and repeated the whole performance. He did it six times, and the batter never once tried to touch the ball. Then the umpire, who was a parson, called out 'Over' in the same voice he'd use for 'Let us pray,' we all changed our places on the field and another pitcher pitched six balls from the other end. This time they were aimed at the wickets, but the batter just put his bat down so they hit it and trickled away a few feet. This was too much for Si, and he called out to the captain, 'Say, Cap., when do we begin?'

"Gosh, you should have heard that silence. Every man on that field stood stock-still and stared at Si as though he'd walked into church with his hat on. The captain tried to tell Si the

game had already started. 'Do you mean to tell me they go on doing this all the afternoon?' says Si. But the captain explained they were just warming up—'playing themselves in' he called it.

"It was my turn to pull a bone next. The ball caught the edge of the bat and was caught by the catcher. At least I thought it did, and so did the catcher, for he let out a whoop and turned to the umpire. But the umpire said 'Not out.' Would you believe it, they were for playing on as though nothing had happened. So I walked over to the umpire and said, 'Lookat here, you big stiff, that was a catch!' And Si came running up with the light of battle in his eye, and began, 'You poor sap! Call yourself an umpire! What do you use for eyes?' But now the captain came up and took hold of Si's arm. 'One doesn't argue with the umpire,' he said. 'Not argue with the umpire,' says Si, 'then what's he for?' The captain looked at Si more in sorrow than anger and said, 'It isn't cricket.' And that was all there was to it.

"We only got in wrong twice after that. Once I forgot myself and called out to a batter to snap out of it and start hitting, and once Si walked behind the pitcher when he was pitching and was told the batter wouldn't like it. Poor old Si! I could see he was struggling hard, but whether it was to find something suitable to say or to keep from saying something suitable I don't know.

"We also got in a few entries on the credit side. Si did a lot of smart fielding, and once, when the ball was going past at sixty miles an hour, I made a quick jump sideways and just got my left hand to it. It was a darned good catch, though I say it myself, and I'd have been proud of it in a baseball game with a mitt on. But, Lord, you should have heard 'em. They all clapped and said 'Well caught, Sir!' 'Lovely catch, Sir!' 'Beautiful fielding, Sir!' I felt highly embarrassed. To make it worse the batter came up to me on his way out and said 'Wonderful catch, Sir!' Was I red? And that blamed fool Si had to come up and say, 'Me tell Southpaw Chief you heap big cricketer, huh!'

"When our side went up to bat Si and I sat on the pavilion verandah and watched. We were to bat last, naturally enough. So we lay back in comfortable chairs and watched the game, and began to think there was something to it after all. Then Si's uncle came along with cigars, and we decided we really liked it. We sat there smoking and yarning and watch-

ing for an hour or so, Si's uncle explaining things as they happened, and we telling him all about baseball. I also told Si a little idea I'd had for pepping up the game. I'd noticed whichever batter could best see the ball called out to tell the other whether to run or not, and I couldn't see why we should tell the other side what we were going to do. So I told Si we'd call 'Yes' when we meant 'No,' and 'No' when we meant 'Yes.' 'But won't they soon catch on to it?' says Si. 'Well,' I said, 'when I blow my nose we'll change signals and 'Yes' will mean 'Yes,' and 'No,' 'No,' until I blow it again. Get the idea?' Si said he did, and it wasn't long after this before I went up to bat, and Si joined me a few minutes later.

"Si made a swing at the first ball but missed it, and it went straight into the catcher's mitts. So I yelled 'Yes!' and pretended to start. Well, Sir, that catcher was so surprised he flung it wildly back in the general direction of the pitcher, who missed it, and we got four runs because it went to the boundary. Si hit a foul off the next ball; it skied over his head towards an empty place in the field. It looked safe enough for one run, so I called out

'No, no,' and we both ran hard. When the fielder running for the ball heard my 'No, no' he slowed down from a gallop to a canter, and when he'd picked it up and turned round and saw us running our second run his throw was so wild we got another two before it was safely fielded. But at the end of the over Si came up to me and said he didn't think it was quite the sort of trick to play in that sort of game. 'You mean 'It Isn't Cricket,' I said, and he nodded. So our 'Yes' meant 'Yes' and our 'No' 'No,' for the rest of the game.

"We didn't last very long, but it was great while it lasted. Once I left my bat and had to go back instead of making a run. Another time Si hit four boundaries in a row—sixteen runs in four smacks. And once the pitcher sent me a ball all the way in the air—a full toss, they called it. Boy, oh, boy! did I paste that ball! It sailed clean over the pavilion roof, and then there was the sound of breaking glass, the sweetest music I ever heard. The pitcher walked up to me and said, 'I hope you'll forgive my saying so, but you're wasted on baseball. The man who can hit sixes like that should be playing cricket.' Soon after this

I watched him make the ball curve in nearly a foot and knock Si's wickets down while he was hitting the air where he thought the ball would be. 'I hope you'll forgive my saying so,' I said to the pitcher, 'but the guy who can put a curve like that on a ball is wasted on cricket. You should be in big-time baseball.' He grinned and I grinned and the score was even.

"But now they were all walking off. 'What's all this?' I said. 'The game's over,' they told me. 'But what about me?' I asked. I wanted some more of those full tosses. 'You're not out,' they said. 'Then how can the game be over if I'm not out?' I wanted to know. But Si came up and took my arm. 'One doesn't argue,' he said, 'It Isn't Cricket.'"

A New Spell of Liberty

"Of old sate Freedom on the heights";

To-day, when all avow

That self-expression has its rights,

To Freedom's rule we bow.

Agua Forte

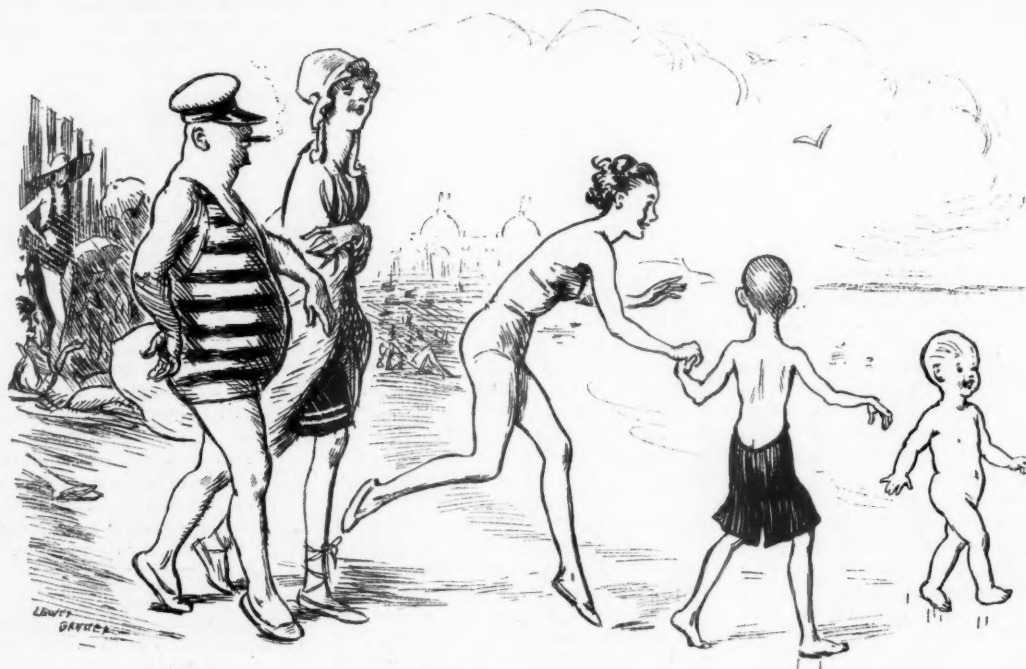
"NOTICE.

If the persons who throw sausages in the pond against The Forge to dilute the horses' water are caught they will be dealt with."

Essex Paper.



Contralto (to "Drums and Effects"). "HERE ARE THE 'PROPS' FOR TO-NIGHT'S NUMBER 'TINY TODDLER'!"



BAINS-EXTRA-MIXTES.

As We Like It Now

"I THOUGHT her simply marvellous."
"Of course she walks away with the picture, absolutely."

"Well, she was meant to do that, wasn't she? I mean, it's simply written for her."

"I suppose so. The clothes, you know, where she's dressed up as a boy—they're so absolutely her style. Besides, she could turn that divine somersault, which she couldn't very well have done in a frock."

"Especially that frock she wore in the first part, with long skirts and that huge pointed hat with the veil and everything."

"The dresses were good, though. I thought they helped the play terrifically."

"Didn't you adore the sheep?"

"My dear, and the dog! Didn't you see the dog?"

"Of course; it's those little touches that make simply all the difference to a picture. They spent five hundred thousand on the production, I believe."

"Quite worth it. I mean, the detail. That bit where they had the picnic, or whatever it was, in the forest—every single bit of fruit was absolutely thought out. And it could all have been

in season at the same time, I particularly noticed."

"Ah, that's the hall-mark of a really first-class producer. Attention to detail. It's things like that which make the whole difference to a film."

"Well, I must say I thought he got this one across absolutely. The way she speaks her lines, you know—fascinating, I thought."

"Yes, I loved that slight German accent. It seemed so absolutely right, somehow."

"Didn't it? I mean, it just gave a touch of individuality to the part."

"The part was simply made for her, of course. The kind of *gamine* element, and that smile of hers, and the marvellous way she romps. She just acts everybody right off the screen."

"Oh, I'm not so sure. Of course, people will remember the play *because* of her—but the casting was pretty good all round. I adored the lover."

"He acted quite well, and I liked him in the wrestling scene, but he's not really my type. Now I think that American—what was his name?—who played lead in 'Love over Oshkosh'—would have been perfect in the part."

"Oh, well, yes. I agree. But one can't have everything. It was practically an all-star cast as it was."

"It ought to be a terrific success, I

should think. Everybody'll want to see her."

"Yes, and it's been so tremendously advertised. Of course her name's a sure-fire box-office draw."

"And mind you, it's a good film. There are no big effects, of course, but there's some very decent photography."

"And the crowd-work's good."

"And some of the dialogue."

"That's mostly the way she speaks the lines. She really is marvellous—looks, and personality, and S.A., and a definitely good actress into the bargain."

"Oh, I know. *She is the play.*"

E. M. D.

A Dramatic Depression

"Ouds Gathering over St. Austell Bay—
a Picture from South Cornwall."

Evening Paper Caption.

"LIVE STOCK WANTED AND FOR SALE.
Spinet, in good condition; splendid tone."

Advt.

Of course you might find it a bit stringy.

"A view of the cathedral, while dressing, is the unusual privilege of those staying at The Royal."—Daily Paper.

So that's what keeps the bean dizzy.



MEDITERRANEAN CRUISES

SEAMAN TO SOLDIER. "WHAT WITH ONE END AND THE OTHER, IT'S A ROTTEN OLD LAKE, WHICHEVER WAY YOU LOOK AT IT!"

I

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"SO DIFFICULT TO REMEMBER TO CALL HER 'LADY SMITH' ALWAYS, BUT NO DOUBT IT DOES HER GOOD TO BE REMINDED OCCASIONALLY THAT SHE WAS ONCE AN ORDINARY WOMAN LIKE ONESELF!"

London Is So Desolate

From *Betsy Flower*, of the "*Mayfair Comet*" to her readers.

MY DEARS,—How I envy you, wallowing in heather, or is it peat? Or—but no, darlings, no more guesses.

As it was a month ago, London is still a waste land, so to speak, with nobody for your poor Betsy to gossip with. A few well-knowns have stopped for a day on their way north for a short rest, a mud-pack or perhaps a "set."

And now for my news.

Did you know, at their divine villa at Juan, Mr. and Mrs. Everard Hectic have an enormous party, among whom are the Princess Hermione Fosdinck-Mastiff; Mr. and Mrs. Duffy Garbould, and of course the Marquis del Monte, who is missing the cycling at Herne Hill this year?

Miss Effie MacLaughlin gave the party of the Riviera season at her lovely château at Miramar. A floating cocktail-bar was anchored in the bay at the bottom of her Venetian garden, and those who preferred not to swim were taken in gondolas, piloted by

singing gondoliers specially brought from Venice. There were four more cocktail-bars hidden about the garden and a prize was given to the first guest to locate all four. My dears, they were too wonderfully concealed, and not all discovered until the party had been going on for nearly two hours. The great novelty, though, was two Louis Quatorze fountains on the lawn; one with champagne and the other had beer gently flowing into huge cut-glass basins, from which we all filled our glasses. A Hungarian band from Buda Pest played during the evening, or should I say "night"? Of course no one dreamed of leaving until sunrise. Even then some of the more energetic went on to Eden Roc for a bathe before breakfast, so it shows how good the air was. Or was it the champagne? I don't know.

I have just had a letter from Glen-shee, and my cousin, Bella MacFraser, tells me that Sir Richard and Lady Revelry are at Longspindie as usual, and near them is Sir Clement Oratory, who many of us think the best-looking member of the House of Commons; he has a large house-party for the shoot. I don't believe Bella all the

same when she says that Sir Clement divides his party on the moors into "Ayes" and "Noes"; she also tells me that Sir Clement often goes into a kind of reverie in the Castle and bursts into everybody's conversation at the table with a loud cry of "Who Goes Home?" Too embarrassing, I consider, when people have only just got there.

However, my darlings, Bella says that Captain The Honourable and Mrs. Skiffington - Neville - Skiffington are staying with Sir Clement, so that the party can't be dull; the Captain is, of course, in the Bechuanaland Elephant Corps. Before her marriage, The Honourable Mrs. Skiffington-Neville-Skiffington was Miss Teenie Peeke, who everyone will remember for her gorgeous wedding-dress of silver lamé with a train of peacocks' feathers, while her veil was kept in place with a cluster of real cherries.

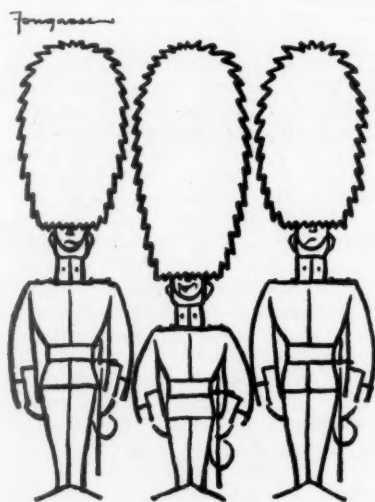
The Willie Freebody's have their annual shooting-party at Guilmaur, according to my cousin, to celebrate the coming-of-age of their eldest son, Horace. Mrs. Freebody before her wedding was the well-known American beauty, Hazel Osmo King, whose father, N. Osmo King, was the

originator of the Kegwitch Follies. Among the Freebodys' guests is Mildred, Lady Harcastle, who owns that beautiful place, Och Aye Lodge. Lady Harcastle's sister, as you all know, is that famous patron of the arts, the Countess of Islyki, and she is going to organise a huge charity ball at the beginning of November, to be held at the Dorchester. What the charity is to be, Bella MacFraser says, hardly matters, but it is sure to be a great occasion in Mayfair, though I think it was too unkind of Bella to remark that last time Lady Ysliki (bother, I mean Izliki, not that either, my head, my dear, simply aches with all these titles and details—but of course, Lady Izlyki could not be annoyed even if I did spell her name oddly)—anyway that Lady Islyki disorganised a large charity ball and turned it into a mannequin show for two rival houses. But these gossips will talk.

Miss Ulysses Chatter has consented this year to be honorary secretary of the committee for this proposed ball, and already she has some splendid ideas for it. There is to be a gala cabaret, with a débutantes' turn, and I am sure we shall all enjoy that, because the best lookers of this season's batch will be starred.

For this occasion several hostesses have already promised to give dinner-parties, among them Mrs. Gunga Din, whose friends are always noted for their brilliance and their just too wonderful repartee; and of course Lady finch-foley of ffoley-Knockaloe is to entertain us all at supper.

But at the moment, my dears, London is deserted and I am desolate.



HEIGHT STANDARD.

Time, Please?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Perhaps you will allow me to air a grievance. I live in a small country village which, although remote—we are two miles from the nearest railway-station and twelve from the nearest town of any importance—is not altogether devoid of the amenities of modern civilisation. A high-tension cable, passing slap through the village, tantalises us with the hope that we may one day be allowed electric light; we are on the telephone, possess our own water-supply, and are able to go shopping or visit the cinema by means of a motor-bus which passes our gates twice weekly. Yet we are not happy, for we are out of touch with time; by which I mean that we never know what time it is.

There are several recognised ways in which a man may inform himself of the hour of the day. He may look at his watch, consult a clock, "listen in" to the wireless, telephone to the Exchange, or ask a policeman. Each and all of these methods are barred to us.

We have a battery of watches in the home, but not one of them is reliable. There is, for example, Margery's wrist-watch, which has an uncanny habit of going backwards, so that after a while one loses count; there is the simulation gold lever watch awarded to cook some time ago as a prize for selling half-a-dozen tins of "Glossol" boot-polish to her friends; there is my own ancient repeater, which has no hands and rejoices in vain repetitions; and there are the three talc-fronted wrist-watches left at home by the boys at the end of last holidays with instructions that I should have them repaired immediately and forwarded to them at school. There was my great-uncle Albert's twenty-carat gold Turnip—but we must not speak ill of departed friends.

Clocks? Well, yes, we have several clocks, and we are very proud of them, but *they don't tell us the time*. The grandfather clock in the hall, for instance, is a family heirloom. It was looted by Margery's grandfather from the Imperial Summer Palace at Peking, or some such place, but unfortunately somebody else looted the pendulum. The kitchen clock is a cuckoo, and only "cucks" when cook remembers to wind it, which is not often. The alarm-clock in my bedroom has, for obvious reasons, long since been broken; and the "handsome ormolu timepiece," which used to stand over the dining-room fireplace, was swiped last week by the Vicar's wife for a jumble sale—nor did we grieve at its passing. There is

a clock—a reliable time-keeper, I am told—in the tower of the village church, a mile away across the fields, but it has no face, and its hourly chimes are audible to us only when the wind happens to be in the right quarter.

Then there is the wireless. Well, what, I ask you, is the good of that? How can I learn the time from the wireless when I have to know already what time it is if I am to listen-in at the right time to be told what time it is? Do I make myself clear? No? Well, let me put it this way. The B.B.C. expect me to consult my watch—or the cuckoo in the kitchen, or cook's simulation gold lever—so that 10 p.m. may find me ready and waiting with the wireless-set switched on for the Greenwich time-signal. Heavens above, if I knew the time already I wouldn't need to ask!

How, you will say, about ringing up the Exchange? I have tried that, and believe me, it doesn't work. Not with us, anyway. The result of my first attempt was a reading twenty minutes fast by the Vicar's half-hunter, and he, compelled by his calling to keep regular hours, has the time telegraphed to him daily from Greenwich or something. I mentioned the error casually to the man—yes, *man*—at our local Exchange when next I had occasion to use the telephone, and he was pained but not penitent.

"I gave you the time by the clock we've got here," he assured me. "It's a very old clock, but it's the only one we've got."

Later, having a train to catch and thinking I would be really clever, I rang up an important railway junction some fifteen miles away, asked for and was given the "exact railway time." Aunt Agatha was staying with us, and I got her to check the reading thus received by her diamond-and-platinum wrist-watch, which goes. A happy inspiration prompted me, ten minutes before I was due to leave for the station, to obtain a "cross-bearing" from another important railway junction twenty miles away in the opposite direction. The new reading proved to be thirteen minutes in advance of the earlier one, and in my hurry to catch the train I very nearly ran over our one and only policeman. So I can't possibly ask *him*.

Hoping, Mr. Punch, that you or your readers may be able to suggest a way out of my difficulty, I subscribe myself,

ONE WHO HAS LOST TIME.

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Cosy Corner ; Or, Uplift for Everyman

DRESSING

No, this is *not* your lucky night, for not a thing is going right. You will be tardy at the Ball: you do not want to go at all. And if there's one thing you detest it is this getting evening-dressed. This panoply of studs and tails is not a seemly wear for males; it takes an age to get it right, and when one does one looks a sight. But then it's politic to be polite to Lady Nightling-sea. Unhappily—too late—you've learned the washing has not yet returned (this is an axiom, by the way—the washing's always due next day); and wives and maidens all assert that they can find but *one* stiff shirt! An ancient relic—from the first the wicked laundry did its worst: the cuffs are fretted and the holes are fitted not for studs but moles. Your little stud, that flashing gem, will certainly escape through *them*; and this will probably take place when you are bowing to Her Grace. Well, that plebeian stud of brass conceivably may hold the pass, though it will certainly provoke the stares of fashionable folk. Where is it? Gosh! it is not here. Let every wife and child appear! Oh, yes, we gave it to your son as ammunition for his gun. Then go and find it—time is short. The stud's discovered in the fort. But just as you insert the thing the telephone begins to ring. It's Blenkinson—it is the boss! He must be answered. He is cross.

You clatter angrily below, adjusting braces as you go, and while with ill-dissembled awe you listen to the boss's jaw, the stud, malignant like the rest, slips out and rolls beneath a chest. You shift the chest, you crawl and cuss, and burst a braces-button thus. Come, women all—you must begone—and sew the blasted button on! Your wife is ready, strange to say, and mutely damning your delay. It's raining, which is not so strange, and not a taxi is in range. . . .

Oh, in this hour of fume and fret say nothing that you might regret! Nay, do not think a single thought till you are positive you ought. Remember, many a man and miss have troubles more acute than this. Reflect how many in the jails cannot, like you, put on their tails; how many a girl would give her all to go, like you, Sir, to the Ball!

A. P. H.

Excuse My Feat

"Remove any garters or tight shoes and lie on the sofa with the legs upon the arm."
Domestic Chat.



"ETHEL IS A DEAR, BUT WHEN SHE'S IN A TEMPER SHE STAMPS HER FOOT—AND—WELL—YOU KNOW WHAT ACCELERATORS ARE!"

The Incurrable

THE evening of a year draws in
With frond and flower dying,
With bats in store
And no lunch score,
And swallows southward flying.

A few, a chosen, happy few,
While here the land lies sleeping,
Take ship for Perth
Across the earth
With summer in their keeping.

They leave us as the darkness falls,
But, though the north wind lashes,
We can retire
To hug the fire
And talk about the ashes.

For Cricket on the hearth is ours,
And so, despite dire warning
Of things to come,
We trust (like "PLUM")
Joy cometh in the morning.

At the Play

"THE COMPOSITE MAN" (DALY'S)

Few more Admirable Crichtons have ever dominated the public than the amazingly versatile *Nicholas Brown*, the Composite Man at Daly's Theatre. He is a tennis-champion, a composer of immensely popular songs, a painter and the author of a best-seller which shows wonderful insight into the soul of a depressed spinster in the Midlands. But we, who watch his dazzling ascent to a palatial mansion in Mayfair, do not gape with the multitude, for we are in the secret from the first. Except for tennis and a flair for publicity which grows with success, *Brown* is a fake. His work is not his own, but his fame as a tennis star makes it a commercial proposition for him to sponsor and sign the work of struggling and unknown hacks.

There is a good deal of bite in the satire of Mr. RONALD JEANS' comedy; he depicts a society so far gone in cultural decline that no one judges art by its merit; publicity is everything and success in one field is the best possible help for success in another. *Nicholas Brown*, as played by Mr. RICHARD BIRD, is a simple youth at the start, and his great tennis success is something he has not learnt to capitalise; he is about to leave, in modest resignation, for West Africa. But once the commercial eye of the music publisher, *Albert Eagle* (Mr. ANTONY HOLLES), has put him on the path of success, with a young Scot, *Andrew Young* (Mr. JAMES HAYTER) for his "ghost," he warms to his work. He is soon making himself responsible for the paintings, hitherto unsaleable, of his loving secretary, *Audrey Kent* (Miss DIANA CHURCHILL), and he tops the pyramid with ghost-written novels.

The dramatist has here a capital idea, but the handling calls for great skill. The moment we take in the conspiracy we expect complications. Perhaps it is the realistic characterisation, perhaps a certain marked gradual-

ness in the plot, but the piece does not quite acquire the momentum which it needs and deserves. The doubt persists whether the comedy is not too soberly handled for the extravagance of its story. Mr. BIRD, so admirable at the beginning as the diffident tennis-star, finds it increasingly difficult to live up to the ex-

crowds to see his home and are planning to have it bought for the nation.

The actual point at which realism is abandoned for gay burlesque comes towards the end of the Second Act, when *Nicholas* is compelled to paint the portrait of the rich young woman, *Gloria Sefton-Carnaby* (Miss ELSPETH DUXBURY), to whom he has become engaged. What he paints is like an enlargement of a "snap" or Happy Family playing-card, so grotesque that it announces the transition of the comedy into burlesque. The dramatist is carried to these lengths by the necessity for change. ALEXANDER DUMAS ran a large fiction factory successfully with ghosts for many years, and *Brown* might have done the same. But where then would have been the play?

The lesser members of *The Composite Man* are, like *Brown* himself, at their best in the natural surroundings of the first half. They are convincing and entertaining, particularly Mr. HAYTER, while they are dealing in their percentages and are nervous about the whole adventure. They are all out of place at the end, in the world in which *The Times* reporter excitedly telephones to his paper to make it increase its bid against *The Sunday Debauch* for the serial rights of the whole amazing pretence.

Miss DUXBURY shares with Miss CHURCHILL the feminine honours, playing with a light discerning touch the part of the young woman of fashion whose friends have rightly summed her up as lacking in depth of feeling. D. W.

At the Revue

"O-KAY FOR SOUND" (PALLADIUM)

THERE is no doubt at all about the sound. It is absolutely O.K. This theatre has a wholeheartedness about it, a powerful bond between cast and audience, which gives its productions a vitality not always found nowadays in variety. Bands when they play here



DISCOVERY OF MUSICAL GENIUS IN A TENNIS STAR

Andrew Young Mr. JAMES HAYTER
Audrey Kent Miss DIANA CHURCHILL
Albert Eagle Mr. ANTONY HOLLES
Nicholas Brown Mr. RICHARD BIRD

uberance of his part in its final stages. For the play moves rapidly from the quiet comedy of manners of Act I., where a Bloomsbury hostess is surrounded by the ambitious and artistic young, to the riotous fantasy of the last Act, in which *Nicholas* has staged his own demise and his ghosts are charging sixpence a time to vast



DISTRESSING EFFECT OF SUCCESS ON THE HEAD OF THE COMPOSITE MAN

The Composite Man Mr. RICHARD BIRD

seem to acquire a potency the others haven't got, voices become unexpectedly robust, and when the audience record their approval, which they do unstintingly, great gusts of windy laughter lift the roof. To present even an undersized joke to such an audience must be a real pleasure. No-one would be surprised, one feels, if a dropped pin sounded like a howitzer.

This revue, full of good variety plums, goes out at intervals for spectacle, and having lulled us temporarily with colour and dancing, snaps back quickly into a satirical vein to guy itself without mercy. NELSON's departure for Trafalgar, for instance, is reconstructed with traditional sentimentality, Lady HAMILTON pirouetting about the *Victory* in a dress which, after the dockside breezes, could only have left her with a severe cold in the head to add to her depression at NELSON's absence; and the return to frivolity is sharply accentuated by the inclusion in the crew of those six hard-boiled old-timers, darlings of the Palladium, NERVO and KNOX, FLANAGAN and ALLEN, and NAUGHTON and GOLD—a gang so versatile in devilry as to be the despair of any petty officer in any age. An episode in the career of *Don Juan*, rather heavily decorated, is similarly given a new meaning by a repetition by four of these admirable comedians. Their humour cannot be described as refined, but there is a complete irresponsibility about them which is refreshing.

The connecting idea of the revue is the shooting of a film, whose director, acting as a kind of celluloid compère, is Mr. JOE HAYMAN. Every inch of him and his cigar is in the English conception of the tradition of Hollywood, and under his bustling guidance not a second is lost in switching from one turn to another.

Best of these I enjoyed a juggler called BOBBY MAY, whose control over Indian clubs is uncanny, and who can impart a deadly spin to a rubber ball with such accuracy that he should be worth his weight in gold to a Test Side; LUCIENNE and ASHOUR, apache-dancers with a sense of justice, whose turn ends by the lady knocking the stuffing remorselessly out of her man; the FOUR ROBINIS, acrobats moving apparently on springs and infinitely less susceptible to gravity than lesser beings (lumbago must be the nightmare of the acrobat; I hope these never get it); TEDDY KNOX's brilliant parody of broadcast commentaries on a wrestling match as given in New York and

London; the brilliant roller-skating of MARY, ERIK and their anonymous partner, part of the time drawn by a team of small ponies—a mode of progression which I confess appeals to me very much as swift and stylish for urban use; quite a good skit on outposts-of-Empire, in the manner of "Young England"; RAY SAX's ability to play a saxophone in the most un-



THE OLD SCHOOL EVERYTHING
KNOX, NERVO, NAUGHTON

comfortable positions, and even one-handed while operating a lariat; and, by no means least, the perfect sense of rhythm of an attractive Chorus.

ERIC.

Correction

It was mistakenly implied in our film-criticism of September 2nd that Mr. GARY COOPER played the leading part in *It Happened One Night*. Mr. CLARK GABLE was, of course, the hero of that film, and we apologise to whichever of these two artists feels himself the more deeply aggrieved.

Medical Note

["Many modern women suffer from a new disease called 'Shopping Daze.'"]

This is the quasi-scientific name for that urge in the woman shopper to spend hours wandering round the stores or buying things she does not need at the moment."

Daily Paper.]

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Were I a bachelor or even a quasi-scientist the news item quoted above would have stirred me to nothing more than a casual guffaw or a scornful exclamation of professional jealousy.

But I, Sir, am a married man and I recognise in this feminine ailment an insidious ally of a far more distressing complaint of which husbands and fathers as a whole are the commonest victims. This fearsome malady, to which no quasi-scientist appears to have paid the quasiest attention (possibly because quasi-science has yet to learn of its existence), may in its early stages be diagnosed as "Financial Debility." It evinces itself in a lowness of bank account which may easily develop into "Pass Book Paralysis" unless aid is promptly forthcoming.

The symptoms usually displayed by the victim are a nervous drumming on the Bank counter and a glassy stare which effectually counteract every attempt he makes to appear dashingly at ease. There is a feeling of antipathy towards the cashier which may comprise intense dislike of the man's face and even the clothes he is wearing. In very sensitive sufferers a pang of pity for the woman who brought the cashier into the world is not uncommon. Then follows the delusion (sometimes voiced in mildly hopeful or forcibly astounded accents) that someone in the Bank has added up wrong.

At this point, in order to avoid offending the sight and susceptibilities of healthy clients, the sufferer is either sent away with all possible speed or taken into a room marked "Private." Here, if his recuperative powers are sufficiently promising, he may be given an overdraft, the effect of which, though often astonishing, is by no means permanent.

Forgive me, Sir, for using your columns to draw attention to this revolting scourge, but I think the quasi-scientist should add it to his little list of modern diseases. If he proposes to do anything about it I can assure him of my quasi-respect.

Yours faithfully,
D. C.

Another Impending Apology

"HEAD OF POLICE.
VACANCY TO BE FILLED."
New Zealand Newspaper.

"British Makers at S.A. Exhibition."
Motor Paper.

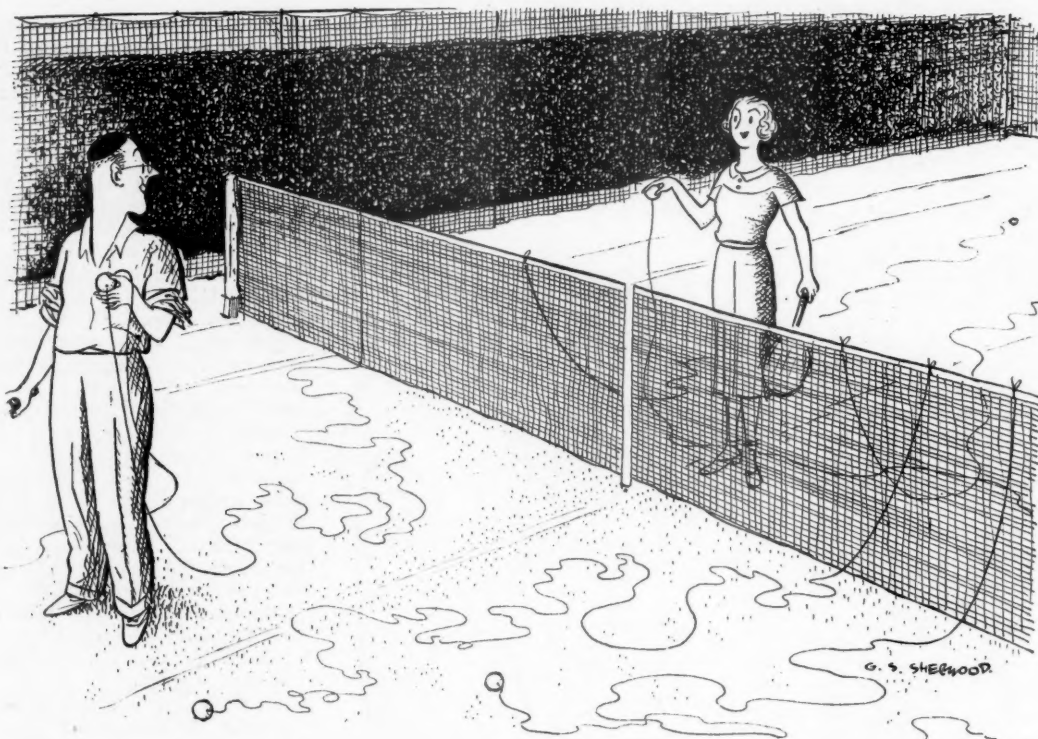
But they probably said they were kept late at the office.

Desperate Measures

"HOW TO MAKE DYNAMITE.

As the uncontrolled manufacture of this is illegal we regret we cannot help you. As for getting your poems accepted for publication, a study of the 'Writers and Artists Year Book' will give you an idea of the most likely firms to approach."

Reply in Weekly Paper.



"I EXPECT YOU WILL FIND IT RATHER DIFFICULT, JILL, BUT THOSE WRETCHED PEOPLE NEXT-DOOR REFUSE TO RETURN OUR BALLS."

Mr. Silvertop's Uncle Rebels

"It's rum 'ow keen folks gets on doing the things what they're least suited for," Mr. Silvertop remarked, glancing critically at his bradawl. "One of the 'ottest sanitary-inspectors I ever come across 'ad lost all sense of smell in the Boer War, but 'e 'abitually carried on as if 'e was a blood'ound. And then there was that there Major 'Umbottle."

"What did he try to do?" I asked.

"'Ave the best show of toolips in Surrey, in spite of 'im being colour-blind past all belief. My Uncle Len was 'is 'ead-gardener—leastways 'e 'ad a boy called William under 'im—for a bit. My Uncle Len's one of them gardeners anything'll grow for, anywhere. Give 'im the moonicipal rubbish-shoot and an 'andful of seed and stand by for the Garden of Eden. For thirty years 'e was 'ead-man to an old gent down in Wiltshire, 'oo was one of them kind-'earted old boys 'oo goes out of their way to do good turns. My uncle and 'im was great pals, but as luck would 'ave it 'e pegged out, and my uncle, 'oo couldn't believe all

employers wasn't the same, found 'imself with this 'ere Major 'Umbottle, 'oo could 'ardly 'ave been more diff'rent. 'E was a little cock-sparrow of a chap and fancied 'imself no end, always a-bossing all and sundry, and so perishing mean you wouldn't credit it. 'Is wages was so mingy my uncle only took on the job 'cos 'e liked the look of the soil.

"It took 'im a few months to tumble to what a reel 'undred-percent old blister 'e was working for, but even 'e couldn't 'ave no doubt after the day 'e seen the Major in the tomato-ouse a-slipping two bob into 'is pocket what my uncle 'ad left for William, 'oo 'e owed it to. 'E made up 'is mind to give notice, but that afternoon something 'appened which made 'im 'old 'is 'and. The Major 'e come up and ses, 'Ere, the 'ap-'azard way you've planted them yellor what-nots makes me feel sick.' 'Yellor?' repeats my Uncle Len. 'Yes, yellor,' shouts the Major, 'them in the middle bed.' 'Why, them's pink,' my uncle's just about to say when 'e remembers the label ses yellor by mistake, and it dawns on 'im that the Major's as colour-blind as 'e can be and goes by

the labels. So all 'e ses is, 'Oh, them yellor ones,' and afterwards goes and 'as a crack with William, 'oose feelings about the Major was about as tincandessent as 'is own.

"When the Major bought the 'ouse the garden 'ad a great reputation for toolips, and being a vain chap 'e didn't 'arf carry on the tradition with an 'ell of a blaze of bulbs every spring. And when they reached their top-notch 'e always give a garden-party what the swells round about rolled up to and 'ad a free eyeful followed by a cup of weak tea. Well, a bit later in the autumn my uncle and William popped in the toolips for the spring, and some'ow the thought of them toolips 'elped 'em to keep their tempers all through the winter. When the spring come the bulbs was shooting up ever so nice, and the Major 'e goes off to that there Revera for an 'oliday and arranges to get back the night before the toolip-party.

"The toolips was all planted in four big beds sloping down to a sunk lawn out of sight of the 'ouse, and my uncle, being anxious not to get the maids into a row, told 'em 'e'd fixed rabbit-guns round that part of the garden and it

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wasn't safe to go into. So the first person 'oo sees the toolips is the Major 'imself, on the morning of the garden-party. They was so wonderful 'e 'ad to admit 'e was pleased.

"Lady Frogworthy's never 'ad a show to compare with that,' 'e ses, mentioning 'is 'ated rival in the toolip-world.

"I'll bet she never 'as,' ses my uncle, just 'olding 'imself in.

"About four the guests started to blow up, and my uncle—'oo was standing well in the background by then with the boy William, both 'aving left their bags at the lodge—my uncle ses it took ten years off 'is age to watch their dials as the Major showed 'em round them toolips. First of all, 'e ses, they blinked ever so 'ard, got a narsty sort of rattle in their throat, and went purple. Then they pulled 'emselves together and ses, 'Dear me, 'ow very beautiful!' and edged away from the Major as if 'e 'ad the plague.

"If it 'adn't been for old Lady Frogworthy my uncle wonders if anyone of them 'ypocrites would ever 'ave screwed up their courage to tell the Major. But it wasn't no effort for 'er. She loved it. The moment she come on to the lawn she lets out an 'ell of a great guffaw and 'as to lean on 'er broolly to get 'er wind again.

"I never knew you 'ad a sense of 'umour, Major,' she ses.

"'Wotcher mean?' 'e growls at 'er.

"Them sentences spelt out in scarlet toolips,' she ses. 'You're not colour-blind, surely?'

"'Course I'm not,' barks the Major, 'but there aren't no scarlet toolips 'ere.'

"'Oo aren't there?' she ses. 'I'd better read 'em to you.' And she seizes 'im by the arm. By this time the other guests was so 'ot and bothered they was ready to sink through the lawn.

"'The north bed,' she ses, 'reads 'Oo's A STINGY OLD PIG? The west one reads 'Oo STOLE TWO BOB FROM THE TOMATO-'OUSE? The east reads 'Oo WEARS PINK-FLANNEL NIGHTIES?'

"'Ow dare you?' yells the Major. 'Stop it!'

"'You'd better 'ave the south bed translated as well,' she tells 'im, 'because it give the cloo to the others. It just ses 'PRIVATE 'UMBOTTLE.'

"What happened then?" I asked.

"We 'aven't what you might call reliable information," Mr. Silvertop explained gravely, "because it was just then that my Uncle Len and the boy William decided to 'op it. And they 'aven't never been back."

ERIC.



Peter Hasey

Culprit. "GOT ANYTHINK AT THE POLICE-STATION FOR A NORRIBLE STOMACH-ACHE?"

Them Foreigners

WELL, I 'eard him come by
Where I leaned on the sty.

'E says, "Nice pigs you've got there,
my man."

I says "Aye."

'E says, "Breed them yourself on the
place?"

I says "Aye."

Then 'e looks at my sow
That's the size of a cow,
An' says, "Porker for Christmas, my
man?"

I says "Nao."

'E says, "Sending to market this year?"

I says "Nao."

"If you're sending them far
Do you send them by car?"

People say there's swine-fever at Winch."

I says, "Ah."

"That's a bad thing—swine-fever," he
says.

I says "Ah."

"There's a fellow at Lye—
You may know him—Bert Fry;
He'd a fine lot that got it last year."

I says, "Aye."

'E says, "What would you do if your
pigs
Were to die?"

Well, I turns meself round then
And settles me 'at.

"Pigs doan't die. We kills 'em," I
says.

And that's that.

The Touch of Genius

In the beginning I suppose I wrote the line more from sheer boredom than anything else. It isn't that I am given to writing poetry. And, anyway, my mother does cross-word puzzles, my brother keeps bees and my Aunt Eulalia and my Great-aunt Florence both read the papers and keep up a running commentary upon the daily news—so, you see, there's enough morbidness in the family as it is. I was rather amazed at my one line of poetry and a little puzzled as to how it came about. It appeared to have evolved itself, in a moment of reckless abandon between the time I finished the shopping-list and the note saying how we would all love to go to the Deanery and play card-games (for match-sticks) on Wednesday next. One minute my poetry just wasn't, and the next it had robbed a sheet of paper of its virginity. All very alarming.

I thought how silly it looked, sprawled across the snow-white paper: "It is not I who sleep but love." Most odd, as Great-aunt Florence would doubtless have observed, and, if poetry, hardly the best grammar. What could I have been about to add to it when the abrupt recollection of the Dean's desire to transform the Deanery into a gambling hell had so swiftly sent inspiration about its business? An embryo poem undoubtedly, but what did it all mean, anyway? Heavens! Ugh! And what would Mr. FREUD have had to say about it?

But brushing aside all unpleasant speculation, I decided to try it on the family. Tentatively. Of course I wouldn't dream of letting them know I'd written it. After all, I had to live with them.

Great-aunt Florence (a little deaf, as is to be expected) was declaiming, newspaper in hand, when I approached. "And I really do not approve," she was saying. "I really do not approve of our present Foreign Policy . . ."

"Yes," Aunt Eulalia, taking not the slightest notice, continued something she had been saying to mother, "and I went into the greenhouse before dinner—to look at a begonia . . ."

This was not the moment.

Tom placated Great-aunt Florence with some all-embracing remark connected with Foreign Policies, and Great-aunt Florence replied, as is her wont: "Yes, yes. Most odd. Too true. Too true. Too true!"

" . . . and a snail, a SNAIL, I said, Florence." Aunt Eulalia, launched now upon her before-dinner reminiscence,

commanded Great-aunt Florence's attention by a hypnotic glare and a clicking crescendo of her knitting-needles, "had eaten right through the roots!"

She expected a cataclysm of horror, but nothing happened. "Too true, too true, too true," answered Florence, not hearing or caring. Tom turned over a page of his newest book about bees, and mother looked up from her puzzle to ask what was a word in three letters meaning flesh-pots.

"To fill in an embarrassing pause," said I, coming forward into the circle round the fire, "can any of you tell me anything about this? It's poetry—I think." I found myself becoming apologetic and, Heaven knows, the whole thing might have come out then and there had not Aunt Eulalia reached out and relieved me of the piece of paper.

"It is not I who sleep but love," she read, after adjusting her glasses. Then she announced with an air of finality, "Yes, it's *SHELLEY*."

You could have knocked me down with a sledge-hammer.

"Too true, too true," murmured Florence automatically behind her paper.

"*SHELLEY*?" my mother inquired, emerging from her flesh-pots. "No, my dear, not *SHELLEY*—*BYRON*. You know you always get them mixed up."

"Indeed not! Certainly not!" Aunt Eulalia abandoned her knitting. "I most distinctly recollect that it is *SHELLEY*! Why, it is one of his most well-known lines," she chanted dreamily above the purple polo-jersey she was making for Tom—in the rather forlorn hope that he would wear the thing—"It is not I who sleep but love."

Here I decided to emulate the nurse in "Ruthless Rhymes," the nurse who peppered baby's face (she mistook it for a muffin) and who held her tongue and kept her place, "layin' low and sayin' nuffin'."

"It is *BYRON*, isn't it?" Mother appealed to Tom.

"No, dear," Tom spoke to her gently and with the air of a much-read man, which he was when the books were about bees. "It's definitely not *BYRON*." If he'd only known how right he was! But he didn't. He wasn't even sure it wasn't *BYRON*, it was only that he felt he couldn't let his sex down before a lot of women, bless him! "Definitely not *BYRON*. I think it's something *BROWNING* wrote in one of his more impassioned moments. Or does it come from *TENNYSON*?"

"It doesn't sound like *BROWNING*," Aunt Eulalia snapped with great conviction.

"Well, would it be *HERRICK*, then?" Mother suggested helpfully. "Or *MATTHEW ARNOLD* perhaps?"

"I am convinced," repeated Eulalia, "that it is *SHELLEY*."

They appealed to Great-aunt Florence.

"Look!" they screamed at her in unison, "'It is not I who sleep but love'" (and even love couldn't have slept through the clamour they made). "Who do you think wrote that?"

"It is not I who sleep but love." Too true, too true, most odd—h-m-m, yes, very strange. I remember learning that when I was a girl," said Great-aunt Florence, "but who wrote it? I think it was *CHRISTINA ROSSETTI*. Or was it that man *WORDSWORTH*? Hardly. I do not greatly care for him, but I feel he would have mastered the verb 'to be'! No, not *WORDSWORTH*. How does it go on?"

Now, I thought, it's all over bar shouting: it had never got as far as going on. But I had reckoned without Aunt Eulalia, who always knows all there is to know and a good deal that no one else does. "It goes," she told them, "like this: 'It is not I who sleep but love—It is not love who sleeps but I—or, that is to say, I think—'" She faltered.

I crept away. I had begun to think that I was the genius of the family, but no! I was getting above myself. The entire family was nothing but a gaggle of genius. I felt that Aunt Eulalia would be well-away reciting the sixteenth stanza by this time. I left her to it.

But I shall never finish my poem. I don't need to. I've had my fun. I've written a masterpiece, and in only one line what's more—which is something that *SHELLEY*, *BYRON*, *TENNYSON* or *BROWNING* never did!

And what a field for fresh activity lies open before me! Perhaps I shall make a corner in one-line masterpieces. Maybe, for who shall tell, I shall cause a revolution in poetical circles. But one thing is certain, I must never let the family know it was not I who slept but love. And if at any time it is decided to bestow the Hawthornden Prize for one-line flights of fancy, then I must receive it in a red wig and dark glasses.

Although, as far as Aunt Eulalia is concerned, my gem is still *SHELLEY*'s.

THOUGHT inspired by an old copy of Mrs. MARKHAM's *History of England*—

Good Mrs. MARKHAM, having duly paid Attention to old records, history made; Her modern namesake also history makes, But in the process all old records breaks.

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"LOOK, POP, AT THAT CLEVER MONKEY COUNTING HIS FUR."

A Ballad of Bubbly

[The centenary of Pommery, originally sold by a humble widow of that name at a small wine-shop, is being celebrated at Reims. Sparkling champagne was the invention of a monk in charge of the cellars at Hautvillers from 1670 to 1715, and was glorified by VOLTAIRE when he wrote of the wine of Ay—

*"De ce vin frais l'écume pétillante
De nos Français est l'image brillante."]*

THERE'S many a centenary
Marking this year of grace
Connected with machinery
To speed the human race;

But there's one celebration
That claims a special ode
To hail the consolation
By Pommery bestowed.

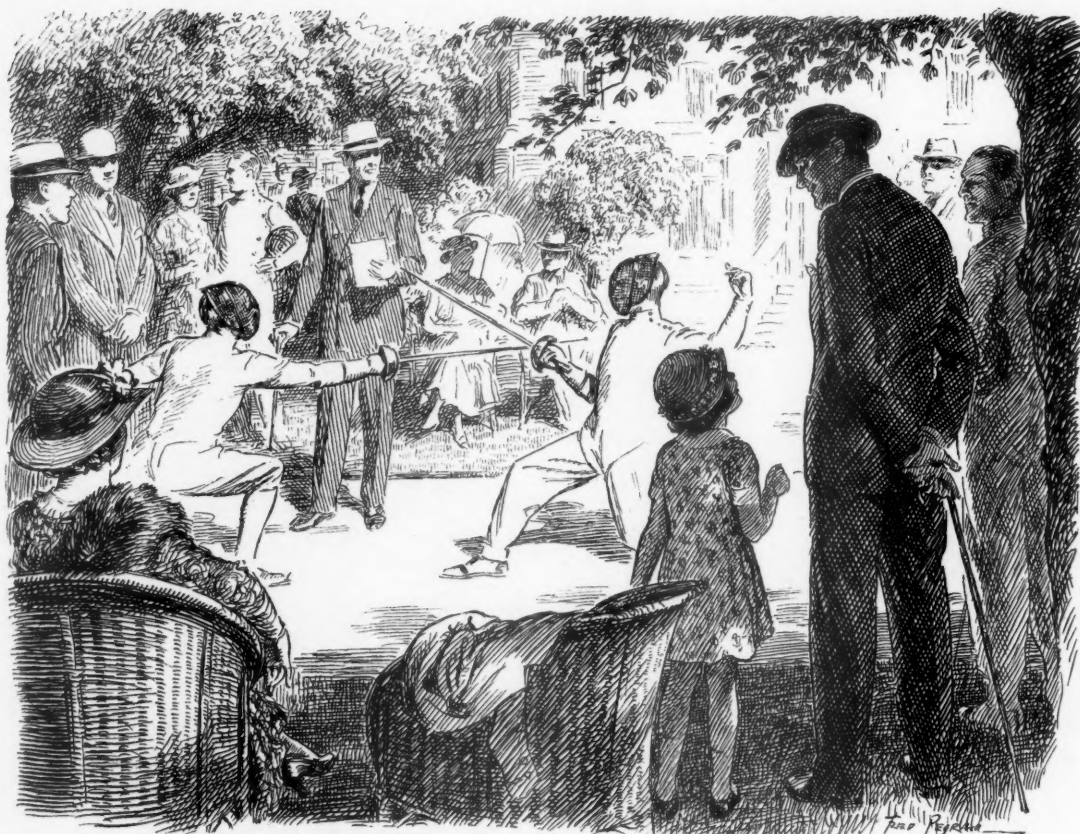
Though DICKENS, a best-seller
Of credit and renown,
Allowed old *Tony Weller*
To do all widows down,
Veuves Pommery and *Clicquot*,
Queens of the land of grapes,
Care not a single fico
For Cockney jeers and japes.

I can't afford to drink it
Save once in a blue moon,

But when I do I think it
A blessing and a boon;
Since wine with "beaded bubbles"
And their delicious thrill
Can chase away our troubles
Sooner than wine that's still.

Some wine breeds sots and swillers,
But lasting fame is his—
The monk who at Hautvillers
Put sparkles into fizz,
Who glorified and made it
The liquid counterpart,
As VOLTAIRE once portrayed it,
Of France's glowing heart.

C. L. G.



"WHY DO THEY HAVE TO HAVE MUZZLES?"

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Brave Lady

THE contemporary English verdict quoted above strikes me as expressing one aspect of *Henrietta Maria* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 18/-), though her latest biographer stands out for the untranslatable Gallic adjectives "*chic, petite, difficile, dévote*." To be told adequately, her career exacts sympathy without partisanship and a scholarly understanding both broad and intimate—qualities enthusiastically lavished by Miss CAROLA OMAN on the many-sided woman who was *Mam* to her family and *Generalissima* to her husband's troops. Married as a small, shy and pious child, with secret clauses in her marriage-treaty for the relief of her co-religionists, the daughter of HENRI QUATRE steered her way as best she could amid a welter of broken pledges, her love for her ineffective husband and dynamic family at continual conflict with her hard-pressed faith. Her scene shifts from Paris to London, from London to Oxford, from Oxford to the Hague, and back to the Paris of exile and widowhood, with an Indian summer in England of the Restoration. Her portraits reinforce her charm; but the most attractive drawing in the book is the Stockholm sketch in chalk of the little daughter who escaped in disguise from Exeter.

Poet's Licence

In that long procession of poets, neither beginning with VILLON nor ending with VERLAINE, who have found in the sheer sordid disreputability of the underworld a fatal fascination, THOMAS DERMODY, the Irishman, is a nearly forgotten unit. As *Vagabond Minstrel* (LONGMANS, 7/6), Mr. THOMAS BURKE has recalled him to memory, taking with the known facts of his short and lamentable life such liberties of selection, augmentation and arrangement as are the novelist's customary right. The story which he has to tell is a remarkable one, largely in the picaresque *genre*, of a youth so precocious in learning that he was a school-master before he was into his teens, dowered with the potentialities of a fine critic if not of a great poet, and so charming of address, so generous in temper that all doors were thrown open to him, all men anxious to help him, yet haunted by a demon of such perversity that sooner or later the doors must be slammed against him and the help withdrawn. Of this strange double personality Mr. BURKE has drawn a firm and coherent portrait, making neither the darks too lurid nor the lights too ethereal. The scene, which is Dublin and London of three half-centuries ago, is most vivid when most squalid; but the world of the polite, the fashionable and the famous is also entered. If some of its denizens are a little dim, so probably were they to the bemused intelligence of the young man whose improprieties and importunities so greatly perturbed them.

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High Browsing

Professor GEORGE SANTAYANA'S occasional lectures, essays and reviews have been lovingly assembled by two of his disciples to form a volume—*Obiter Scripta* (CONSTABLE, 10/-)—perhaps a little formidable in range of contents, but wholly delightful when regarded simply as literature. Professor SANTAYANA'S writing is of the kind that weaves a gossamer mist of intricate phrases round topics the most abstruse, though at times by an appearance of paradox seeming to be the most trivial in the world. The seven meanings of the word "is" develop themselves at his hands into a school for accurate philosophic thinking; the soliloquies of SOCRATES in limbo are turned to correct the self-deceptions of half-educated German philosophers, and the delicate passions of PROUST lead to a study of the eternal "essence." Behind all the writer's subtleties one is aware of a strong pulse of common humanity. He is not too lofty to make constant returns to the sane valuations of the marketplace, and is clear that at the last "it is not the stuff things are made of that concerns us, but the things into which that stuff may be made." It may be made, it seems, at his hands into humour, insight, profoundest reverence and exquisite English cadences.

Looking-Glass Portrait

The old affinity of the letter with the novel of manners would have led me to expect a charming correspondent in the author of *The Old Countess*. But Anne Douglas Sedgwick (CONSTABLE, 7/6), as portrayed, in her letters alone, by her husband, Mr. BASIL DESSELINCOURT, has painted a memorable self-portrait in a series of characteristic confidences. At the outset there are limitations. It is obviously short-sighted, though indubitably of the period, to be so "choice" and so complacent in one's choiceness at six-and-twenty; with no use for Mrs. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON or MARGARET BURNES-JONES because their clothes are wrong; with a shuddering aversion from rural England founded on the vulgarity of country houses, and with so dark a distrust of mysticism that you must needs beg WILLIAM JAMES to scotch the serpent in his next book. Comparative poverty in a bleak part of the Cotswolds, war-work in France, the slow approach of death from paralysis, enlist the gaiety and defiance under happier colours. The domesticated graces of the novels—more French-American than English—are everywhere recalled; but the touch that began by gilding conventional circumstances becomes the servant of simplicity and inspiration.

Thesaurus Lusitanicus

A vivid presentment of primitively-featured landscape sets the stage for detailed consideration of the "folk-ways"



"THIS BELONG FRESH FISH, BOY?"
 "SURE, MASTER; LAST WEEK HE B'LONG ONE TIME VELLY PLOPER SWIM-SWIM FLISH."

of Portugal (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, 15/-)—"folk-ways" covering traditional beliefs and customs, music, dance, legend, poetry and proverb. Their expert collector, Mr. RODNEY GALLOP, belongs to the school that—rather strangely, I feel—sees peasant culture as a debased version of aristocratic creation rather than a popular inheritance. Theorising, however, takes very little toll of these rich pages of real sayings and doings which accompany the unsophisticated Portuguese from birth to death, in farm, field, street and tavern, and up to the very door of the church. His songs and street-cries are reduced to notation; there is even a species of shanty, like that of the Venetian pile-drivers, which apostrophises a large stone to be hauled for road-mending as "*Oh pedra!*" And the traditional quatrain, a poignant HEINE-like lyric, provides a chapter of really beautiful examples in Portuguese and English. Mr. GALLOP is as considerate for the ordinary reader as he is generous to the scholar; and both, I think, will appreciate his

delightful photographs and MARJORIE GALLOP'S precise little drawings of costumes and implements.

Presbyterian Pennsylvania

In the United States of America they seem to like as an occasional change these stories of old-fashioned country life, in which stark Presbyterian farmers wrestle painfully with the soil, the while their wives bring up large families. This is how Mrs. AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL begins *The Rolling Years* (COLLINS, 8/6)—as far back as 1852—and she carries it on, picking up the story again at intervals of ten to twenty years, until she comes to the epilogue in 1910. It is with the women that our author is chiefly concerned, and the women throughout are decidedly more lifelike than the men. The book opens with *Sarah McDowell*, who has just borne her twelfth child and has determined this time to choose the name herself. Thus *Jeannie McDowell* (the neighbourhood of New Salem seems to have been peopled almost entirely by families of Scottish extraction) comes into being, and we follow her career and that of her daughter *Connie*, with their matrimonial tragedies and difficulties, until on the last page the representative of yet another generation arrives on the scene. Mrs. TURNBULL has several excellent qualities. She can make her characters alive and likeable, and she has a good eye for detail, but I should hardly have predicted for her book the big success in America that it apparently enjoyed last spring. But it deserved a certain success. Her dour Sabbatarian farmers and their families remind me of the days when the Kailyard School was a power in the land.

Re-enter Mrs. Murphy

My only regret about *Mrs. Murphy Buries the Hatchet* (SELWYN AND BLOUNT, 7/6) is the largeness of the hatchet part of Miss AGNES ROMILLY WHITE's new book as compared with that devoted to *Mrs. Murphy*. The story of how her nice son *Ned*, now a medical student, falls in love with *Rachel Shilliday's* daughter (and *Rachel* born a *Maguire* "mind you," just as much as *Mrs. Murphy* was born a *McSpeddan*) and how the interference of all sorts of kindly people—and one very unkindly one—brought it to a happy ending, is charming if very slight; but I think that for new readers Miss WHITE has begun it in the wrong place, or several wrong places, though for people like myself, who know their way about *Gape Row*, it is not so difficult. We meet again here some old friends, but the book is

at its best only when *Mrs. Murphy* holds the floor explaining the difference between a feud and an "umbridge," and adding "Feuds may be wicked but umbridges is *not*," or asking, "Is there anything in the Bible agin a married man goin through college?"

Hard Travelling

In *Unknown Karakoram* (HOPKINSON, 15/-), Colonel SCHOMBERG, without fuss or frills, relates his adventures when making expeditions to the more inaccessible parts of the Karakoram Range. That he achieved so much was due in no small measure to his determination not to be discouraged by unexpected difficulties, but undoubtedly he would have been even more successful in adding to our knowledge of this remote region if the Mir of Hunza had kept his promises, and if the Shingshali coolies had not been so feckless and lazy. The troubles that were encountered

make the tale of these expeditions more thrilling to read, but it is not surprising that Colonel SCHOMBERG was often exasperated by them. With what seems to me sound sense he pleads that names of famous travellers should be given to the scenes of their discoveries, and unless this is done he says that "in a few years' time the maps of the Himalaya, Karakoram and their neighbourhood will resemble a badly printed table of logarithms rather than a mountain region." And that would be a pity.



"AS A MATTER OF FACT, COCKY, ME OLE WOMAN FELL FOR THE BLINKIN' UNIFORM."

Sound Solutions

Mr. Fortune's superiority complex shows no signs of decreasing as the years go by, but if Mr. H. C. BAILEY's detective is at times a little irritating he is also unrivalled in following a trail when the scent is none too good. "The Swimming Pool" is the neatest and most surprising of the half-dozen tales included in *Clue for Mr. Fortune* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6), "The Wistful Goddess" is the most human, and "The Dead Leaves" provides a perfect example of *Fortune's* uncanny powers. Mr. BAILEY is a master of the art of construction, and his stories are of interest to the general reader as well as to the unnumbered throng who find their chief relaxation in detective fiction. One day perhaps *Mr. Fortune* will make a bad mistake and learn a little humility.

Our Unchivalrous Contemporaries

"Lord Swinton: I note the Labour peers' suggestion that we should recruit women into the fighting line. I would hesitate a long time before I subscribed to such a proposition. Women pilots have done fine work, but war is sufficiently beastly without adding them to the fighting line."—*Australian Paper*.

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